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26 August 1959

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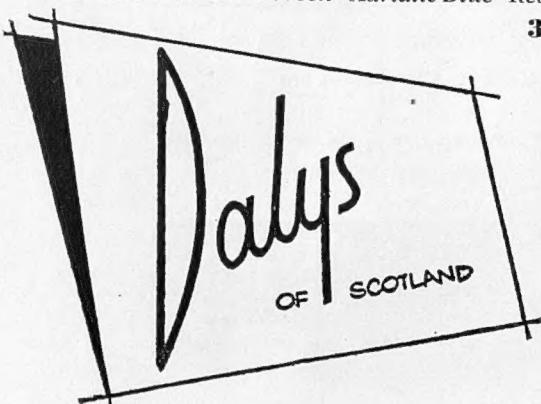


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26 August 1959

To acknowledge the annual trek to the north (holidays, the Edinburgh festival, grouse, and all that) The TATLER this week assumes a strong Scottish flavour. On pages 81-90 the **Border Country**, through which all must pass, is described and photographed by Robin Douglas-Home (who hies from them parts) and the fashion staff presents a selection of Hawick's famous knitwear, which is worn far from the heather and the moors. Roger Hill on pages 77-80

records his impressions of **Edinburgh**, Britain's second capital, where the annual festival began on Sunday.

COVER PICTURE: See page 83. The photograph was taken near Hawick by Michel Molinare
NEXT WEEK: The *Paris Collections*—first photographs, some in colour, of the autumn designs. . . . *Prince Chula of Thailand* describes Bangkok Revisited. . . . Elisabete Corachiel writes about 1960's passion play at *Oberammergau*. . . .

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OUT OF DOORS

County Cricket Weeks: Southport (to 30 August), Worcester, Bournemouth (to 1 September), Hove (29 August-4 September).
European Championship Horse Trials: Harewood House, Yorks. 2-5 September.

GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

COMPILED BY JOHN MANN

Brian Timken Horse Show and British Show-Pony Society's Championship: Duston, Northampton, 28-29 August.

Seafishing Festival: Teignmouth & Sheldon (to 13 September).
Army: Sheriff of Nottingham's Golden Arrow Tournament, Wolton Park, Nottingham, 29 August.

Motor: National Hill Climb, Selsley Walsh, Worcestershire, 3 August.

Polo: Taunton Vale Polo Club open tournament, Orchard Farm, near Taunton, 27, 29, 30 August.

Yachting: Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, 29 August-5 September. National 12-ft. Sailing Week, Weymouth, 30 August-5 September.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden. The Royal Ballet. *Blood Wedding* (first time here), 24 August. First performance *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, 2 September. Margot Fonteyn in *Sylvia* (29 August), *Ondine* (4, 5, 10 September). 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. To 19 September. (KEN 8212.)

Royal Festival Hall. Festival Ballet. Markova in *Les Sylphides* & *Bolero* 1830, 29 August (matinée); Yvette Chauviré in *Swan Lake*, *Act II*, 31 August

(evening). 8 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Wednesdays & Saturdays). (WAT 3191.)

River Concert, at Hampton. Handel's *Water Music* & *Royal Fireworks Music*. Goldsborough Orchestra, conductor Chas. Mackerras. 7.15 p.m., 5 September. Audience embarks by

Big Ben Centenary Exhibition, Westminster Jewel Tower (opposite Houses of Parliament). All the summer.

Wedgwood Bicentenary Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 a.m.-6 p.m. To 30 August.

Ceremonial Robes & Mantles Exhibition, Arundel Castle, Sussex. To 25 September.

Ballet), 8 p.m. 30 August, 6 Sept. Films bookable separately. (WAT 3191.)

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see p. 94.

The Hostage. ". . . roaring extravaganza. . . . Mr. Behan's pretext for surveying past and present Anglo-Irish relations with a laughing impartiality." Howard Goorney, Eileen Kennally, Alfred Lynch. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028).

The Pleasure Of His Company. ". . . an engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." Coral Brown, Judith Stott, Nigel Patrick. (Haymarket Theatre, WHI 9832.)

Lock Up Your Daughters. ". . . presented in a way that wins the audience. . . . the lyrics are spirited, the music charmingly gay, the playing of the company attractive." Hy Hazell, Stephanie Voss, Richard Wordsworth. (Mermaid Theatre, CRT 7656.)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see p. 97.

G.R. = General Release

The Seapegoat. ". . . Mr. Alec Guinness . . . is on holiday in France, and meets a French count who is his complete double . . . he finds it incumbent upon him to assume this mysterious person's roles and responsibilities." Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, Pamela Brown. (Empire, Leicester Square, GER 1234.)

My Uncle. "That absurd but lovable M. Jacques Tati reappears as M. Hulot. It is a leisurely film . . . and quite delicious." (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744; Cameo-Royal, WHI 6915.)

Tempest. ". . . distinctly on the stupendous side . . . magnificently produced and directed. On the score of action this film can scarcely be faulted." Van Heflin, Viveca Landfors, Oscar Homolka. **G.R.**

ART

"The Romantic Movement," Tate Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate; 1s. Arts Council.

Modern silver exhibition, arranged by the Goldsmiths' Company, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Warwick. 2.30-5.30 p.m. (including Sundays). To 21 September.

Chinese paintings acquired since 1950, & **Japanese painted doors** from the Shugakin Palace, Kyoto. British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m.

"Two Centuries of British Shipping," Commonwealth Institute, South Kensington. Daily 10 a.m.-4.30 p.m., Sundays 2.30-6 p.m. To 27 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Saville. *The Darling Buds Of May*. 2 September.

Theatre Royal, Windsor. *Charley's Aunt*. 31 August (for two weeks).

OPEN AIR PLAYS

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre.

The Bankside Players in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. 7.30 p.m. (& Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 2.30 p.m.). (HUN 0925.)

Pendley Manor, Tring. *Henry VIII* & *The Merchant of Venice*. 29 August-6 September.

SUNDAY FILMS

Royal Festival Hall. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (Comédie Française), 6 p.m. *Eugene Onegin* (Bolshoi Theatre, Leningrad Opera &

continued overleaf

GOING PLACES

(continued from page 57)

The Diary Of Anne Frank. "...handles its subject reverently . . . moments of terror. . . . Mr. Joseph Schildkraut gives an admirable performance." G.R.



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF
Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays
O.S. = Open Sundays

Boulevard, 56 Wigmore Street, W.1. (WEL 9803.) O.S. (Evngs.) Jaromir Vydra, obviously determined not to feel homesick for Vienna, has established a café-restaurant which makes you forget you are in Wigmore Street. The food range varies from the lightest snacks to more sub-

stantial dishes, many of them definitely *Viennese*. The prices are soft on the pocket, the atmosphere free and easy.

La Popote, 3 Walton Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. (KEN 9178.) O.S. (Evngs.) It's easy to get fed up with the same sort of food, but it will take you a long time to get bored with the food at La Popote especially if you try some of Bill Staughton's "Personal Specialities." Many of these are unusual, extraordinary, great fun and good. Plenty of wines to suit your money and your mood.

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1. (GRO 7070.) O.S. Rudolph Richard, director of this exclusive establishment, only has to wave his wand now and again and the four C's continue to play in perfect harmony. Here is Calm, Courtesy, Comfort and Cuisine.

Au Pere De Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. (KNI 1833.) O.S. (Evngs.) There is no flannel about the sturdy young men in their blue jackets who do the waiting. They get on with the job, which is international *cuisine*, the specialities mostly Italian, in a setting which reminds you of Paris. Especially in the "out of doors" patio. Excellent wines by the glass. They only charge you 2s. 6d. corkage if you bring your own, no matter how many bottles. A generous gesture by patron Murray Radin.

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road, S.W.7. (FRE 0200.) O.S. Unpretentious in its *décor* but sound in the preparation and service of its food. Mainly *cuisine française* with some of their own specialities. The wine list is short but exceptional.

Cul de Sac, 43 Brompton Rd., S.W.3. (KEN 2928.) O.S. If you want to dine as in the rue des Anglais in Paris and enjoy an omelette or a salami sandwich with a glass of wine for 7s. or less, you had better nip down into the Cul de Sac. "Taped" French music completes the illusion.

Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch, W.1. (AMB 1234.) "The Little Mermaid" Restaurant has just been opened in the Cumberland and there she sits on a rock outside the restaurant as she does in the harbour of Copenhagen. This is a Danish restaurant specializing in Smorrebrod. There are also many hot dishes and if you are a stranger to Stegt Svinekam Med Aebler Og Suedske you had better go and make its acquaintance for 6s. 6d. Don't forget to gulp an Aalborg-Akvavit (Danish Schnapps) before you start.

Leonis (Quo Vadis), 26 Dean Street, W.1. (GER 9585, 4809.) O.S. (Evngs.) A vast choice of first-class Italian dishes and Italian wines to match. There are many specialities developed over the

years by Peppino Leoni himself—not forgetting his son Raffaello, who has followed in father's footsteps with much energy.

The Lucullus, Plantation House, Mincing Lane, E.C.3. (MAN 4479.)

The Viceroy, Colonial House, Mincing Lane, E.C.3. (MAN 4654.)

The Essex, Dunster House, Mark Lane, E.C.3. (MIN 8581.)

The Cotillion, Bucklersbury House, Wallbrook, E.C.4. (CIT 4735.) These four luxurious restaurants have gone a long way to solving the problem for "director level" lunching in the City. If you're not a director, you want to be a sales manager. First-class choice English and Continental *cuisine*—ideal for entertaining your bank manager or stockbroker, or anybody whose goodwill is important to you. Reserve your table and take a well-filled wallet. Closed Saturdays and Sundays, and in the evenings except for private parties.

The Baron of Beef, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, E.C.2. (MON 6961.) (Closed Saturdays and Sundays.) Another new luxurious restaurant concentrating on English fare of the highest quality, served in a fine panelled room equipped regardless of expense. You too will find it fairly expensive. Early dinners Monday—Friday 5 to 8 p.m. (useful for the theatre).

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Yevonde
Miss Christine Rissen to Mr. Anthony

J. Lumsden-Cook. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. O. H. Rissen, and Mrs. Rissen, The Holt, Wadhurst, Sussex. He is the only son of Dr. J. A. Lumsden-Cook, Durban, Natal, South Africa, and Mrs. M. K. Lumsden-Cook, Gilston Road, The Boltons, S.W.10

Miss Pamela M. Liddell to Mr. Philip R. Packham. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Liddell, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, S.W.3. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Packham, Reigate, Surrey

ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Jennifer Cleland to Mr. George de Symons McCallum. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. Cleland, Bath Road, Bedford Park, W.4. He is the son of Brig. F. McCallum, C.I.E., O.B.E., M.C., & Mrs. McCallum, Westborough Grange, near Newark, Notts

Miss Alison Turnbull to Capt. Paul Weller. She is the only daughter of His Excellency Sir Richard Turnbull, K.C.M.G., & Lady Turnbull, Government House, Dar-Salaam, Tanganyika. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. S. B. Weller, Saltford, Somerset

WEDDINGS



Mander—Rees-Davies: Miss Jane L. Mander, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Mander, Abingdon Villas, W.8, married Mr. William R. Rees-Davies, M.P., son of the late Sir William Rees-Davies, K.C., & the late Lady Rees-Davies, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Wheeler—Bryans: Miss Rosemary A. Wheeler, daughter of the late G/Capt. H. G. Wheeler, R.A.F., and Mrs. Clemson, The White Cottage, Milford-on-Sea, Hants, married Lt. J. Patrick G. Bryans, R.N., son of Mr. J. R. & Dame Anne Bryans, Harriet Walk, S.W.1, at All Saints' Church, Milford-on-Sea



Durlacher—Rankin: Miss Alexandra (Sasha) Durlacher, daughter of Vice-Admiral & Mrs. L. G. Durlacher, Green Walls, Liss, Hampshire, and Shelton House, Sloane Street, S.W.1, married Mr. Ian N. Rankin, son of Lt.-Col. Niall & Lady Jean Rankin, Cambridge Square, W.2, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Ireland-Smith—Raw: Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Norman Ireland-Smith, Holiday House, Sunningdale, Berks, married Mr. John Carrington Raw, at St. George's Church, Parktown, Johannesburg

Williamson—Carey: Miss Julia Williamson, daughter of Col. T. C. Williamson, Beaumont Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, and Mrs. D. C. Lyett Green, Bilbrough Manor, York, married Mr. Darel S. Carey, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. S. Carey, East Hoe Manor, Hambledon, Hampshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

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Tony Armstrong-Jones

Princess Margaret had this picture taken at Royal Lodge, Windsor, for her 29th birthday, which she celebrated last Friday. Her dress is of white taffeta with tangerine and green flowers, and her companion is her Sealyham, Johnny

DAY & NIGHT in Monte Carlo.
Right: terrace view. Far right: the
Bal de Mer at the Sporting Club

MONTE CARLO 1959



MURIEL BOWEN (Barry Swaebe)

MURIEL BOWEN
describes and
TOM HUSTLER
photographs the
people they met there
during the Bal
de Mer weekend



THE GAMBLER'S LUCK IS IN. LAST WEEK the Casino in Monte Carlo coolly paid out £250,000. But it didn't go to the Countess of Derby or to the Duke & Duchess of Rutland or to any of the other Britons whom I saw watching from behind the steel railings that surround the green-baize tables. It went to the 4,000,000-frances-a-time bettors—to the youngish American widows and to the middle-aged, paunchy Venezuelan, German and Italian financiers. This year's luckiest bettors: Mrs. James Donahue (aunt of Barbara Hutton) whose jewels are probably the finest on the Riviera, and Mr. Edward Gilbert, young New York financier. Mr. Gilbert and his wife have rented the vast Villa Zamir on Cap Martin for the summer. Friends say that they're so in love with Monte Carlo and its casino that they may buy.

Not only have the gamblers never had it so good, but the authorities have developed a new concern for the human frailties. A first-aid room has been set up at the Casino for reviving fainted souls. My call to discover what kind of customers they get wasn't entirely welcome. But apparently when gambling losses (and they do occur) mean selling the pictures off the walls, pawning the family silver, or sending the children to a secondary modern school they seldom make a man faint. A win of a mere 30,000 francs (light francs—about £25) is much more often the reason. Last week's casualties: one man and one woman.

ELSA MAXWELL ON BORES

It is a life of parties on the Riviera at the moment. And bang in the centre of them all is America's best-known party-giver, Miss Elsa Maxwell.

"Giving a good party is simple provided you're prepared to be ruthless," said Miss Maxwell. Her formula means no invitations for the people she feels she "should have" unless they are the sort of personalities who can make a party go. "It's sad but true that a party is always the better for leaving most of one's relations and business acquaintances at home." Miss Maxwell turned to the bane of all hostesses:

"Bores, of course, should never be invited. Asking them is so unfair on everybody else. But several bores are better than one. Then you can put them at a table together and the chances are that they will behave beautifully. It's an extraordinary thing, but when bores are together each one puts his best foot forward in a way they never do with ordinary people. If you're very lucky your other guests will look at the bores' table and ask: 'Who are all those gay people over there having a good time?' Good parties, my dear? All you need is ruthlessness and a little courage."

Miss Maxwell mixed a dozen nationalities for the party she took to the Summer Sporting Club for what was the most brilliant gala of the Continental summer season—a dinner-cum-dance with a cabaret of famous names, and all in aid of the Monaco Red Cross. She had the **Duchess of Argyll**, **Mr. & Mrs. Henry Fonda**, **Lady Bridget Garrett**, **Baron Eric de Rothschild**, **Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Bancroft** and **Mr. & Mrs. Wiley Buchanan**. Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Buchanan, both blonde and beautiful, are leaders respectively of New York's and Washington's young-marrieds.

Mr. Buchanan had charge of the State Department's arrangements for the recent visit of the **Queen & Prince Philip** to Chicago. "It was hotter than Washington," he said. "But the Queen was so interested in everything that she didn't seem at all tired. The visit was a fabulous success."

More than 1,200 gathered at the Sporting Club that evening to dine on caviare, lobster and chicken on a raft built out over the sea, and dance on a fluorescent pink glass dance floor. At midnight fireworks hurtled and spun into the air. They came from eight motor-boats anchored out to sea.

Then it was on with the dance and the cabaret. "I can dance at home but here I just want to sit and watch," said Mrs. **Morris Cafritz**, Washington's biggest party-giver. "The whole atmosphere is like sitting in a gondola." It was a great evening for women. There was so much to see. So much to talk about afterwards. Hundreds of pairs of smiling eyes were on the greying **Begum Aga Khan**, who seldom leaves her villa above Cannes these



Ice cream for Miss Luisa Ros, daughter of bandleader Edmundo Ros & his Swedish wife, Britt

days, and male eyes (of all ages) were on the young Mexican heiress, **Sylvia Casablancas**.

TOPIC: HORSES

Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Education (a bright purple flower in his buttonhole), was at the party. All more were: Sir Simon & Lady Marks, Mr. Edward Barclay (of the bank), Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Barbar, Mr. & Mrs. Gale McLean, Rear-Adm. Sir Arthur Rattray (he came with Prince Rainier and Princess Grace), Mr. & Mrs. H. J. Heinz, Mr. Henry Caldwell, the film producer, & Mrs. Caldwell. Lady Bettsworth Piggott, Mr. Roderick Cameron (whose villa commands one of the finest views of the coast), and the vivacious Mme. Suzy Volterra.

"I've had awful misfortune with my horses this year," she told me, "but I'm still hoping I might have something for your St. Leger."

Also

Adm. of the Markey and his beautiful and exquisitely dressed wife, who owns the famous Calumet Stud in Kentucky. Mrs. Markey has won the Kentucky Derby (opposite number of the Epsom Derby) seven times, and that's more than anybody else in the history of the race. They talked about Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Derby win this year with Parthia.

"I can't understand why the British Press was surprised that Sir Humphrey celebrated by going to bed early," she said. "I've always done the same after my Derbys. Win or lose you're so pent up with excitement. If you lose you feel you must hang round and put on your best face. But when you win you feel as if you've just been rained on... the nicest thing is to go to bed!"

Naturally at the Gala the centre of attention was Princess Grace, looking more serene and relaxed than when she married, and also more beautiful. She wore a long ball gown of white organdie, with a lime green sash and a piece of lime green entwined in her hair at the back. And she smiled and smiled. As President of the Red Cross she had good reason to be happy. The gala brought in a clear profit of £30,000. This time of the year the Prince & Princess leave the Palace of



Dr. & Mrs. Brian Pigott, Lady Sassoon, Miss Evelyn Barnes, Sir Victor Sassoon & Miss Brenda Barnes. Sir Victor replied to this picture by snapping Tom Hustler and Muriel Bowen

Miss Bonnie Buchanan, daughter of Mr. Wiley Buchanan (who as State Dept. Chief of Protocol accompanied the Queen in Chicago). Miss Buchanan wears the latest Riviera headgear craze





Raft with Mr. Joel Lerner (Sir Simon Marks's grandson), Miss Mary Arden & Mr. David Fanshawe

MONTE CARLO 1959 *continued*



Back from shopping, Mrs. C. F. Hughesdon (Florence Desmond) boards her cabin cruiser



Mrs. Jack Steinberg with daughter Katherine (seated), & Miss F. Harris (back to camera)

Monaco and move to a small villa a couple of miles away. There they spend more time with their children, and they come to the beach occasionally to swim or to lunch with friends.

RIVIERA ROUTINE

Everything happens in Monte Carlo at a set time. After breakfast people head for the beach, with its green and white bathing boxes and well-scrubbed look, and they lunch under umbrellas at the swimming-pool. In the evening, from 6 p.m. onwards, the place to congregate is the Hotel de Paris. Some of the world's wealthiest faces are to be seen in the terraced bar, a striking room with walls of billiard-table green and black-and-white printed curtains. Then upstairs to dine on the Starlight Roof, and on to dance to the music of Edmundo Ros at the Sea Club.

This is all, of course, unless one has an invitation to the port, where parties on sleek and gleaming yachts go on from lunch onwards. Indeed, this year the port is so crowded it is difficult to get mooring space on the day you want. **King Farouk's** *La Favorita* is there, lifeless except for a cross cat on the gangplank. Most of the bigger yachts are American, Belgian and French—in that order. The *Shemara* came in briefly, starting a flood of gossip stories, and dwarfing everything in sight. She was on charter to Americans.

I saw Miss **Florence Desmond** going aboard her new, twin-engined motor boat, *Monaco Princess*. She was carrying a roll of bread. "I always like a boat in which you can store plenty of food," she said, swinging open the door of a fridge that was very handsome and large for the size of the boat. "I always believe in plenty of food on a boat; then it doesn't matter when you get back." Her husband, Mr. **Charles Hughesdon**, was conferring with the skipper, while one of the guests, Sir **Victor Sassoon**, was busy taking what should turn out to be very candid photographs. "I put them all in a diary when I get home," he said. His subjects? Mainly pretty girls and newspaper photographers.



Miss Elsa Maxwell





Mr. Peter Ustinov

The cabaret featured the June Taylor Dancers with Peter Gladke in Americans in Jazz

Princess Grace of Monaco and companions



The Duchess of Rutland

Miss Sylvia Casablancas with M. Jean Paul Grinda who is Wimbledon & Davis Cup player



Mme. Suzy Volterra



Princess & Princess Nader Khan with mother, Princess Aga Khan (left), and film director G. H. Clouzot



Summer in FRINTON

Betty Swaebe

photographs

Other People's Babies

MARIE, daughter of Baron & Baroness de Marawicz,
& JEREMY, son of Sir Martin & Hon. Lady Beckett



KEVAN, son of Mr. & Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin of St. John's Wood, & HELEN, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. I. M. O. Hutchison of Kensington

LUCINDA (two), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. I. M. Williams of Mulberry Walk, London, S.W.3



CHRISTOPHER, son of Mr. & Mrs. Angus Lightfoot-Walker of New York, over here for three months

Muriel Bowen reports the Tennis Club Ball

HERE WAS A CRISPNESS ABOUT FRINTON-on-Sea after the sullen heat (which, frankly, I still prefer) of Monte Carlo. But then Frinton has so many other things—an uncluttered beach, a vivid green sward, and an air of quiet sophistication. All are jealously guarded by Frintonians. But this isn't to say that Frinton doesn't have fun. The gala ball at the Tennis Club, Frinton's social event of the year, ended after dawn with a swim in the sea and a bacon-and-egg breakfast.

The ball was held in the quaint clubhouse, which has a thatched roof of Norfolk reeds. In the ballroom spotlights were used to pick out the artistic floral arrangements done by Mrs. Gerald Glover. Mr. Peter Foster, Q.C., was in charge of the lighting: "I hear nothing but complaints," he said. "It's really sickening, as I've put in so much time on it. I tried to turn the place into a third-rate night club, but all the old boys are saying that they can't see the pretty girls in the semi-darkness."

The younger folk supported Mr. Foster—but they were in the minority. Most people were of the opinion that his night club effect had not come off and that he won't be asked to do the lights next year.

Anyway, the dancing was a great success, judged by how long the younger generation

kept at it. Miss Josephine Taylor, the Hon. Teresa Pearson, Mr. Garry Service, Miss Jane Darwin (a great-granddaughter of Charles's, she revels in digging up Roman ruins), and Mr. Joe Laycock (son of Sir Robert, former Governor of Malta) were among the keenest.

Most discussed sitting-out subject: bricks and mortar, paint and plumbing. Col. & Mrs. Russell Weilenman talked of their new town house, which promises to be a small and luxurious gem—it is now going up at the back of Harrods. Then there were Sir Andrew Clark, Q.C., & Lady Clark, who are moving town houses, Major & Mrs. Bill Rawlings, who are having their first summer at Lord Fairfax's former house at Thorpe, which they have bought, and Dr. & Mrs. Campbell Golding, who recently moved into a fine, newly built house near Regent's Park.

Cheers rang out for Col. Dudley Murrane when Mr. Gordon Boggan, the captain of the club, announced that he will shortly retire after 25 years as secretary. In his office, papered with pictures of the great performing on the Frinton courts, the Colonel offered this advice to tennis-club secretaries: "When it comes to running dances you should have plenty of débutantes on the committee. They make the best N.C.O.s"

NICHOLAS & JEREMY, sons of Mr. & Mrs. E. F. Kingsley who live at Frinton





FIREWORKS FOR A MARQUESS

A COMING-OUT PARTY WAS GIVEN AT CLANDEBOYE, NORTHERN IRELAND, FOR LORD DUFFERIN & AVA

A. V. Swaebe



Guests at the buffet. The décor was designed by Felix Harbord

The Marchioness of Hamilton and Miss Miranda Goughy-Tichborne



Lord Wakehurst, Governor of N. Ireland, with Mr. Lennox-Boyd

Miss Alicia Clyde, Lord Brooke and Miss Carolyn Neilson



The Hon. Edward Biddulph with the Hon. Elizabeth Guinness

Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor, & Lord Plunket



The Marquess of Dufferin & Ava cuts his 21st birthday cake

The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, and her husband Judge J. Maude



Princess Joan Aly Khan with Viscount Camrose, looking at some of the collection of paintings



Lady Brooke, the Hon. C. Tennant and Miss Mary Anne Hare, daughter of the Hon. J. & Mrs. Hare



Introducing a new statistical survey with the unexpected conclusion:

Don't do a thing till you're 40!

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

THE NEWS FROM THE GROUP OPINION FOUNDATION Institute of Survey, which I recently organized, is that whatever you may have been thinking up to now about a number of things—such as cigarette smoking and love—is erroneous, and may do you grievous bodily harm. (Since one's personal opinion about anything is now known to be worthless unless and until it has the green light from some survey, opinion poll, or foundation research, GOFIS has been established to provide the necessary backing for notions that might otherwise be invalid.)

Until last week, when GOFIS got to work on the entire problem, the chat has been that—just assuming smoking does anything to you at all—it's the concentrated poison in the latter half of the cigarette that gradually kills you. Hence, of course, the filter-tip. The GOFIS report, available to anyone prepared to pay money for it, establishes that the *first* part of the weed is the one that is going to make you wish (when it is far too late) that you had stuck to wine-gums.

GOFIS therefore urgently recommends that tobacco companies should produce a *presmoked* cigarette. By a system of wind tunnels—as used in designing aircraft—the first, dangerous, half of the cigarette is smoked *before it ever reaches the customer*. It is eliminated. The cautious smoker who buys such a cigarette finds that the first half is simply not there. He, or she, can go ahead without further worry. The presmoked cigarette has the further advantage of being *only half the length* of the old-type product. It is thus more readily smoked. The amount of unsightly ash formed during any unit-consumption period is *reduced by 50 per cent*. And the cost is only slightly higher than that of the old-fashioned "smoke-it-yourself" type.

Basing itself on its own findings in relation to cigarettes, GOFIS is currently going forward with an examination of other fields in which what it terms "first part elimination" might be undertaken with advantage.

For many years people have been saying (in a loose, unorganized fashion) that the very best part of a sea bathe is the big martini on the beach afterwards. Yet millions continue to go through the whole wet and laborious business of entering, and moving about in, the sea before settling down with the refreshing drink. GOFIS says: "Cut that first part right out.

Go straight to the point." The same principle applies to golf. Here again there has long been in existence a large body of half-informed opinion in favour of regarding the 19th hole as the best part of the game.

Millions of man-hours on the course, GOFIS points out, could usefully be saved by players going direct to the clubhouse bar and staying there.

In support of its view that "first-part elimination," properly understood, is likely to gain widespread popular acceptance, GOFIS draws attention to the fact that in some, admittedly limited, spheres, "the FPE principle" is *already* instinctively practised. For example, the number of people who habitually do not reach their seats in the theatre until half-way through the first act is still too small, but the coolness and determination of those following this practice is worthy of note. Far larger is the number of those who can truthfully state that they have *never* been present during the first half of any cocktail party. The experience of arriving—possibly by accident—at the actual beginning of such a party is universally agreed to be a horrible one. "First part elimination" will save host and guests alike many hours of tedious semi-sobriety.

Can "the FPE principle" bring down the divorce rate? This is the question asked by GOFIS, and boldly answered in the affirmative.

Experienced GOFIS surveyors have surveyed an extensive range of what may be termed "marriage guidance" literature. (It is so extremely extensive that it extends from books obtainable in backrooms in Charing Cross Road to sermons by forward-looking clergymen.) It has been found that all works of the kind agree on the point that the honeymoon is a horribly tricky period. Do the right thing on the honeymoon, they seem to say, and all may be well. Put, so to speak, a foot wrong there, and you are headed for early divorce.

They are full of well-meant advice about how to deal with this exhausting, testing, dangerous period. Few seem to have grasped that—by the simple application of the FPE principle—all this becomes unnecessary. GOFIS says: "Drop your honeymoon and save your marriage."

In a special brochure on the subject, married couples are advised to eliminate the honeymoon in all its forms: "Immediately following the marriage ceremony, go back to your normal premarried routine and stay with it. Go to work early, and get back late. If male, spend those dangerous hours between 8 p.m. and 3 a.m. playing poker (or engaging in some similar pastime) with old friends—preferably unknown to your wife. If female, see a good movie with another girl, then read yourself to sleep with some sedative book. *Remember always that it's the first steps in marriage that lead to divorce. Don't take them.*"

Here, as in all other aspects of the problem, GOFIS builds on the sound foundation of instinctive, but as yet vague, popular assumptions, and then carries them to their logical conclusion.

And it is to the application of this method that we owe GOFIS' latest, and most comprehensive, suggestion for the beneficial use of the FPE principle. The entire conception was germinated in the mind of a GOFIS opinion organizer by the title of a best-selling book *Life Begins at Forty*. Millions of words have been written to make, in effect, just that point. The common phrase "the prime of life"—meaning whatever age between 40 and 60 you personally have now reached—carries the same implication. Yet, by unthinking neglect of the FPE principle, innumerable people reach the age of 45 in poor shape. Physically, socially, or financially as the case may be, they are too often tottering, or positively wrecked.

GOFIS says: "Don't even *try* to live until you are 40. Lay off. Sit tight. Eliminate those wearing years. Cut the first part out."



These sails were turning before Queen Anne died . . .

... and for 250 years Salvington Mill has been a landmark on the South Downs. Negotiations to save it have succeeded after four and a half years, and Worthing town council are buying the mill at a cost of £2,250

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES

NOTICE
VISITORS ASCEND THE MILL
AT THEIR OWN RISK



The Social Alphabet K for kettle of fish

*I creep along the river bank,
All camouflaged and clueless.
I've tottered out
To catch a trout
In water-meadows set about
With cows, serenely mooless.*

*A lark is carolling above,
The woods are greenly distant.
The heat is hot,
And what a lot
Of midges in this happy spot—
So touchingly insistent!*

*I spy a fish—his body waves
In slow, voluptuous shiver.
“Yes, there you are—
A bit too far. . . .”
Weaving a weird parabola,
I fall into the river.*

*My socks are full of little snails,
My hands are quietly bleeding,
With broken rod
I homeward plod,
Leaving to Nature and to God
The fish, sublimely feeding.*

Francis Kinsman



Alan Vines

PHILANTHROPIST Lady Petrie is off to New York next month as a new member of the British Delegation to the United Nations. She will sit on UNO's Third Committee, which deals with social, educational, cultural and refugee problems. Lady Petrie is chairman of the Fulham & Kensington Hospital Management Committee and a member of several other hospital boards. Last year she was deputy-chairman of the L.C.C., and, from 1954-6 was the first woman Mayor of Kensington. She was photographed in her Kensington flat under her portrait by Aubrey Davidson Houson

PLAYWRIGHT Mr. Richard Cottrell, 22 (opposite), is busy writing a new play following the success of his *Deutsches Haus* at the Arts Theatre. A third-year student at Jesus College, Cambridge (where he is reading for an English Honours degree), he intends to become a professional playwright. *Deutsches Haus*—not his first play, but his first success—is based on his experiences as a soldier in the British Army of the Rhine. It was performed in London by the Cambridge Players, and Mr. Cottrell himself played the part of a German publican



NEWS PORTRAITS



Alan Viner

PERF

MER Mr. Basil Cameron, C.B.E. (above), celebrated his 75th birthday this month by conducting a Promenade Concert in a programme of 20th-century music. He has been one of the principal conductors of the Proms since 1940, and before the first world war he played in the Queen's Hall orchestra. Next year, Mr. Cameron will celebrate his jubilee of 50 years as a conductor. He was photographed one morning at work in his Kensington studio.

Alan Viner



PAINTER Mrs. Rachel Ballantyne (below) has two pictures hung at this year's Summer Salon at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly. Mrs. Ballantyne, who studied painting at the Slade School, lives with her husband in an 18th-century cottage in Smarden, Kent. She was photographed in her studio—a converted barn over stables at the end of the garden. Her husband is Air Vice-Marshal Gordon Ballantyne, who was Hon. Dental Surgeon to the Queen. Now retired, he also paints

Betty Swaebe





STARING AT STARS



Written and
photographed
by JERRY
RAUER

STARS FROM JAPAN are always a draw at a festival. Here Hitomi Nozoé (right) arrives with producer Madame Kawakita to see herself in *The White Heron*, Japan's entry at Cannes

VENICE THIS WEEK IS EXPERIENCING THE TUMULT and excitement of a much-copied economic attention-getter: its annual International Film Festival. The Venice festival, grandfather of them all, originated during the thirties. But the gimmick is spreading, and within recent years the number of film festivals in Europe has more than doubled. Berlin and Locarno are recent additions. Cannes has entered its twelfth year. Russia is holding the first Moscow film festival this month.

Why all this rush? Prestige is partly an answer. But the real reason lies in the fact that a good film festival is good economics. For example, since France initiated her film festivals, motion pictures have soared among the country's top five exports. And they are still soaring. The publicity alone more than repays the outlay on the festival. There is hardly a newspaper from Alaska to Capetown, from Moscow to New York that has not some mention of the event. Furthermore, this publicity stimulates not only the film industry, but also the economy and tourism of the country. The scenic beauty of Cannes and Venice seems to gain appeal when there is also a film star in the photographs. And so, next year, tourists flock there to stare at the stars in the flesh.

How a city can change during a film festival! Cannes, for example. Two days before (and two days after) the event, the Ocean Croisette is deserted. But at festival time it is as crowded as during the peak summer season. For 15 days, approximately 3,000 people are added to Cannes's small

population. Empty hotel rooms or vacant restaurant tables are equally hard to find. There is so much hustle and bustle that you might believe yourself to be in the London rush hour. And what is true of Cannes is true too of Locarno or St. Sebastian or Venice. One discovers the same faces, the same discussions, the same drinks. Only the films change.

Who are the people who book on this festival circuit from Cannes to Venice? The actress who hopes that she will meet her "Vadim" and be transformed into "the new Bardot." The director who hopes that he will meet the producer with finance for his already five-year-old film project. The producer (most ambitious of all) who hopes that he will sell his film to the distributors before he has found either the actors, the director, or sometimes even the story. Plus, of course, the ladies and gentlemen from the newspapers and the newsreels, with their acid pens and their candid cameras. Especially cameras. . . . For at a film festival the photographer is king.

No one has made an exact count of the number of photographs taken at a festival, nor for that matter of the number of people trying to squeeze into them. The results in both cases would be staggering. For every time the photographer aims his camera at a star there are about 60 other photographers of all nationalities, pushing and shouting (in many languages), all trying to obtain an "Exclusive" picture at the same time. The photographer calls all stars by their first names and is by necessity a fast man with a fast word

continued overleaf

It delights the tourists. It packs the resorts.

It launches the movies. It's what makes a film festival tick . . .



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3

1. Juryman at Cannes this year was producer Carlo Ponti, husband of Sophia Loren
2. Behind the sunglasses is actress Jacqueline Poiroux, whose son Jean-Pierre Leaud won acclaim in the French film *The 400 Blows*
3. Teatime talk at the Hotel Martinez for Greek Director Michael Cacoyannis
4. Roberto Rossellini was at Cannes with his wife for the showing of his new film *India*

STARING AT STARS

continued

and smile. Unlike a film director, he is his own cameraman, assistant and director at the same time. If he is not the best-paid person at a festival, he is certainly just as indispensable as the stars.

Now, about the stars, there are three kinds: starlets, stars, and super-stars. A starlet is an embryo star, always female and never heard of before the festival. A super-star is one that has more clothing ripped off by excited fans than an ordinary star. However, since her salary is extremely high she can afford it. Sophia Loren and Cary Grant are super-stars.

An experienced star will tell you there are certain ways a star must always act, and things she must do. She must be co-operative and agreeable with everybody. "It's the everybodies who actually see the films, and you never can

BRIGGS by Graham



tell which everybody might be a somebody," she reflects. She must always dress like a star and she must be familiar with all the rules that will never be written. For a première, for example, she will arrive late—only, she whispers, "in case the photographers are late; I want to help them do their job." A rising female star will almost always attempt to be photographed with a male super-star. This is known as the law of affinity, and has helped many an actress forward her career. The experienced star will wear low-cut dresses in the evening, bikini bathing-suits in the afternoon.

Do the stars enjoy it? A star is the first to complain that she would prefer lower Siberia to returning the following year. Comes next year, and she is the first to step off the plane. "I simply couldn't disappoint all my fans," she shouts, ". . . and the photographers."

Surprisingly, there are some people who go to a festival to see the films. They are discernible by their bloodshot eyes. These are the brave souls who, for five hours a day, ten to 15 days a week, wilfully shut themselves off from natural light and air and human companionship and come to grips with problems that would drive a social worker to delinquency. For reasons unknown, a happy film about nice normal people is rarely screened at a festival. The awards of the jury this year at Cannes set the pace for succeeding film festivals. The Grand Prize was awarded to *Orpheus Negro*, a modern reworking of the legend. Here Eurydice is electrocuted in a tram station and poor Orpheus stumbles off a cliff. The Jury's Prize went to a Bulgarian film, *Stars*, a woeful tale of the inhumanity of the Germans to Jewish refugees. Simone Signoret won the Best Actress award for her portrait of a disillusioned woman driven to suicide. And Dean Stockwell and Bradford Dillman were voted Best Actors for their planning of a thrill-killing

Despite the suicide, murder and sadism on screen, there is enough champagne flowing off-screen to bolster the frailest. As one delegate proudly boasted: "Our film takes all the champagne we've got." They would need plenty anyway, because every reception is packed with what appear to be professional reception-guests. They greet every actress (especially if she is being photographed with elaborate affection) and never seem to mind that she obviously has never set eyes on them before. In between time they devour the *hors d'oeuvres* and call for more champagne, and keep smiling. They have absolutely no function, but it would not be a film festival without them.

It all adds up to an unforgettable experience. In front of the photographer's camera and the carbon-arc lamps, human beings behave as unpredictably as an amoeba under a microscope. The star is more of a star because she is surrounded by other stars. And the "satellites" revolve with a curious ferocity, assuming an importance all their own. At a festival you are supposed to see a galaxy of films and personalities you could not ordinarily see together at one time. You do, too—but you stand to see much more.





EDINBURGH

The city of the current festival is Britain's second capital.

ROGER HILL took his camera to get a fresh look at it,
with results recorded on these pages



Auld Reekie, or . . .

HERE are two nicknames for Edinburgh and the picture above helps to explain the first one. But to most visitors both are likely to seem equally far-fetched. Nobody could call modern Edinburgh a smelly city and nobody could seriously liken it to ancient Athens, despite the annual festival of the arts and the heritage of splendid Adam squares and streets. But it is a city of character, living half in the past, half in the present. It is a national capital, and yet there is the feeling that something is missing—as of course it is. Except for a short visit every summer, the monarch is missing from the palace of Holyroodhouse, and though there is a Parliament Hall there is no Parliament. Even the Secretary of State for Scotland is missing from St. Andrew's House much of the time—he and his staff spend innumerable hours of their lives on the night sleeper that trundles them the 393 miles south to London.

Still, Edinburgh is a capital—Britain's second capital—and all the separateness of Scotland is enshrined here. Instead of the Archbishop of Canterbury there is the Moderator presiding over the Church of Scotland.



More so than Piccadilly in London or even the Champs-Élysées in Paris. The view of the castle, and the gardens—with sea· for those

*Dour decay in Grassmarket,
a district that has gone
down in the world*

Portrait

Distinguished aristocrat: The Countess of Erroll. She is the 27th Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, and ranks as the first subject in Scotland after the Blood Royal.





... is the core of the city. It has the shops, the station, the Scott to sit. Smaller public gardens of the same kind are a feature of the city

City continued

Georgian elegance in Charlotte Square, surviving example of the Adam style

A distinguished artist: Mr. William MacTaggart, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. He is holding a one-man exhibition at the Scottish Gallery during the Festival



... 'a Modern Athens'?

Instead of the Bank of England there are several Scottish banks, all with their own notes, and the coins have Scottish designs. Instead of the High Court there is the Court of Session with a legal system operated by officials with unfamiliar names like Lord Advocate and Procurator Fiscal. Instead of the College of Heralds there is the Court of the Lord Lyon. And instead of Nelson's Column there is the Scott Memorial.

These differences could be multiplied, but harping on differences is misleading. It is part of Edinburgh's appeal that the differences are enough to make a visitor from England feel that this is somewhere new, but not enough to make him feel too far from home. It is a friendly, hospitable city and, if in parts it looks grim as granite, it has grandeur too. The Royal Mile, running from the Castle, which looms theatrically on top of the crags, down past the churches and the shops, the courtyards where so many famous people have lived, the water wells, the passageways, and the brewery to Holyroodhouse, makes a timeless thoroughfare that any city could envy.



Sir Walter Scott's statue (above) dominates Princes Street. Encased in a mammoth columned structure it is nearly as overpowering as London's Albert Memorial

The royal arms proclaim Holyroodhouse as the royal residence in Edinburgh. The Queen has a separate official entourage in Scotland, presided over by the Duke of Argyll as hereditary Master of the Household

Portrait of a City

concluded



A Scottish flavour for the sculpture in the Chapel of the Knights of the Thistle in St. Giles Cathedral. A cherub plays the bagpipes



Parliament Hall is the seat of the Court of Session, equivalent to the High Court of Justice in England



Foulis Castle, where James IV dallied with Lady Heron before Flodden

ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME (it's the land of his fathers) puts outsiders in the picture about the place, and MICHEL MOLINARE portrays the knitwear against a traditional Border setting described by MAUREEN WILLIAMSON



If you're going to Scotland,
and this is the time
when people are,
you have to cross the

BORDER COUNTRY

home of the
fightingest memories—
and the finest knitwear—
in Britain



1



2

BORDER STRONGHOLDS

- DRYBURGH ABBEY, first occupied by Cistercian monks in 1152, now holds the graves of Scott and Haig
- MERTOUN HOUSE was designed in 1703 by Sir William Bruce, of Holyrood fame. Now the home of the Earl of Ellesmere
- MELLERSTAIN, seat of the Earl of Haddington, was begun by William Adam, completed and decorated by his son Robert
- HUME CASTLE, called Sentinel of the Merse, commands a view of the whole Borders, was destroyed in 1650 on Cromwell's orders

3



4



The outsider's guide to the Banana Belt

MY COMPANY SERJEANT-MAJOR IN the Seaforth, a bloodthirsty Highlander and an irreverent fellow at the best of times, used to refer to the Borders contemptuously as "The Banana Belt." Being a Borderer myself, I had better skip my first reaction to this aspersion on my homeland. But on calmer reflection I realized that his impression was the only one which an outsider or casual visitor to the Borders *could* get. For a united and discreet façade is presented to aliens, and to be really in the swim of things, to find out *exactly* what goes on between Berwick and Dumfries, you have to live there for some time—preferably for a century or two.

What does the Border visitor see today? A slumbrous, rolling carpet of green farmland, studded by sheep, lined by well-kept hedge-rows, patterned by deciduous woods. He sees the Tweed, wide, aloof, unruffled save for a swan's wake or where a hungry salmon surfaces for a juicy fly . . . elegant mansions and sturdy castles dotted round at tactful intervals . . . dozy villages, clean and compact, untainted by the cancer of industrialization. He sees the skeletons of majestic abbeys, with neatly tended paths and smooth lawns, silent but for the clicking of tourists' cameras. Spasmodically the peace is shattered by the din of battle over Gretna Green where some eloping heiress grapples with an angry father. . . . But by and large the scene is positively Arcadian, a Hammar-skjold pipe-dream.

But wait. Let me pull back the veil of this discreet façade ever so slightly and show you what goes on behind. The clue is in its past: you might not believe it now, but for over a thousand years—from the days when the Romans first established the boundary between Scotland and England, all through the Dark Ages, the struggles of the Early Christians, the Norman invasion and the ding-dong contest between the two rival kingdoms until 1603—that sleepy, rolling "banana belt" was a full-time battlefield, the backcloth to the direst acts of murder, savagery and intrigue ever perpetrated in the British Isles. Today the Borders are still alive with the memories of that momentous past. And, albeit undetectable by the outsider, that past is part of the Borderer's very bloodstream.

Little is accurately known of what went on during those bloody centuries, for the Borderers were more active with the axe than with the pen. Though they were a coarse, savage race who killed with as little compunction as Homer's Greeks, they shared another quality with those dread Achaeans—they were poets who saw the tragedy and poignance of their cut-throat existence so clearly that they translated it into the beautiful epic poetry of the Border Ballads. These were orally handed down from generation to generation by shepherds and farm-girls, who sang them to each other while

milking, and are still sung the world over with little variation from the original.

The battling past of which they sing has long gone, but who can expect a people who have been resorting to arms since long before Ethelred was Unready to give the game up now? Of course, the weapons are different and—now that the English have "given in"—so is the quarry. But the enduring taste for hostilities still finds its outlet, so subtly that the outsider may not notice. In the autumn the population dons battle-order, ups sticks and guns, and marches against those ravagers of the crops, the partridge, the pheasant, the pigeon and the hare. In winter, pink-livered horsemen retrace the hoofmarks of their anti-social ancestors in grim pursuit of the raiding fox. And during the fishing season the rivers echo with the angry squawk of reel and line as solemn battle is joined with the invading salmon.

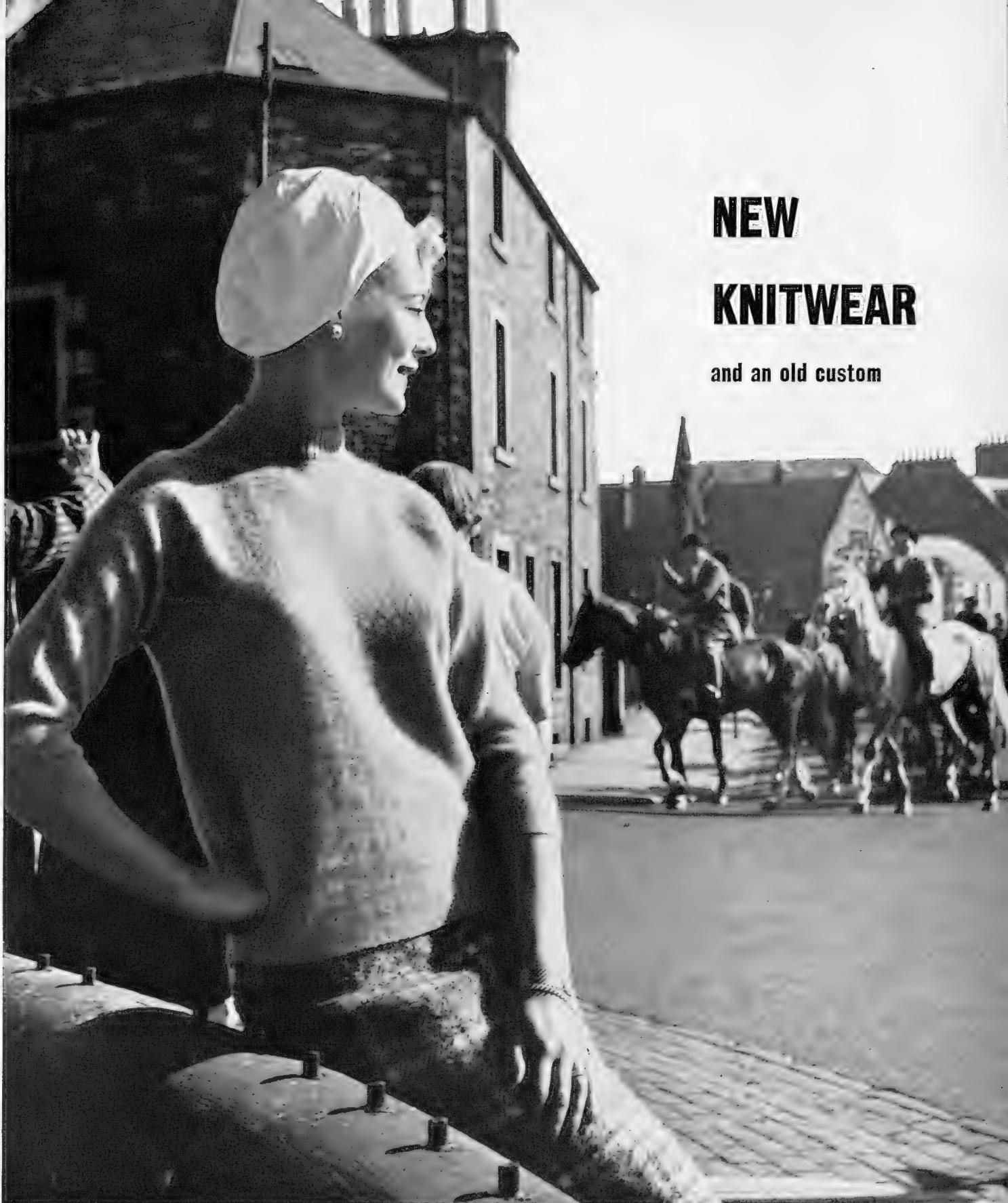
The family feuds still go on too, though they are not what they were. There are local chatelaines who live in abject anxiety of abduction by Bentley-borne chieftains of neighbouring territories. Or, sometimes, they abscond willingly, pursued by an angry lord, not—as in former days—from the saddle of a grey palfrey, but from the driving seat of a Land-Rover. And if the neighbouring landlord gets it into his head that his own expensively bred pheasants are finding their way into a neighbour's game-bags, a day's shooting near the March can be a dangerous business.

Another peril: if you so much as *wave* your shooting-stick at a fox or a sitting pheasant, emigrate. There's no other course open, my deah. Not that they won't take it out on your kinsmen just the same. Let a second cousin twice removed show an innocent face at the Hunt Ball and I'll wish he still had a portcullis, a moat and a suit of chain mail.

What of the land itself? Topographically the country has changed little. The ubiquitous scrub has given way to fertile farmland, but the towns are still like villages, still self-supporting, dependent mainly on their crops and flocks. Socially the feudal system has kept its structure, with vast estates at the nucleus of which stands the Big Hoose; but happily the anomaly whereby few of the cottages had plumbing or electricity is changing, though older Borderers no doubt regard both innovations as dispensable luxuries, suitable only for namby-pamby Southerners. This is a typical reaction, for centuries in the teeth of an ever-alert and aggressive enemy have made the Borderer suspicious of any outside interference, entirely self-reliant, resentful of the trappings of a machine-minded civilization. One old Tweed fisherman who died not long ago used to look angrily up at aeroplanes and snarl: "With all they big fleas flyin' about, nae wonder the fish willna bite."

Robin Douglas-Home
(who also took the pictures of the castles)

BORDER
COUNTRY
continued



By this bridge (*left*) on the Teviot at Horne's Hole, on the Scottish border, a band of local youths put the marauding English to flight. That was in 1514. Every year this gallant deed, which followed close on the disaster of Flodden, is still commemorated in nearby Hawick. The horsemen of Hawick do a traditional ceremonial ride round the town's boundaries and in the picture above they are seen returning from one of these early-morning outings. Another strong Hawick tradition is the town's knitwear. The girl by the bridge (photographed by Michel Molinare) wears Braemar's button-high cardigan in bright yellow brushed Shetland wool with horn buttoning. The

traditional kilt comes from The Scotch House, green Tweedie stockings by Rayne and country-type shoes by Holmes of Norwich. Sweater, price 5 gns., at Whiteley's; Cripps, Liverpool. The girl watching the riders wears a sweater from Jaeger in natural camel-hair and wool, and a tweed skirt boldly checked in black, snuff, tan and cream. Chez Elle's white kidskin beret makes the perfect headgear. Sweater: 4 gns., from Jaeger shops in Selfridges, Swan & Edgar and D. H. Evans, and Jaeger, Sloane Street, and Croydon, from September. Skirt: 5½ gns., from most Jaeger branches. Chez Elle hats on this and following pages from Woollands; Cripps, Liverpool



The stone cross above stands by the bridge across the Teviot at Horne's Hole to mark the spot where the English were put to rout. Today's tourist wears a marled blue and brown V-necked sweater knitted in Hawick by Peter Scott. It is mated with a regulation kilt from The Scotch House, London, and a brown suede beret by Chez Elle. Rayne's Tweedie stockings. Sweater, about £3 at Moss Bros. of Covent Garden from mid-September. Stockings, 12s. 6d. from most leading stores.

The hero of the annual week of festivities, which is called the Common Riding and includes many other ceremonies, is the Cornet. He must be a bachelor, a good horseman—and have the constitution of an ox. Starting his day at 6 a.m., after hardly any sleep, he is expected to ride 30-odd miles, sing in public, make speeches, visit hospitals, attend endless

ceremonies including a dinner in his honour and a couple of balls. And this goes on for six days. This year's hero is seen (*left*) flanked by two former Cornets, all in traditional costume. On the opposite page (*inset*) he attaches his colours to the bronze flag of the statue of the 1514 standard-bearer, which stands in the Central Square. This follows a ceremony in the town hall called the Colour Bussing when the Cornet's Lass ties ribbons on his flag and he leads the procession to the Square. *Opposite:* In the shadow of the statue. A visitor to Hawick wears a collarless, buttonless suit in the Chanel manner, showing a toning blouse. The suit, in beige looped mohair, is rimmed in caramel jersey, which also makes the sleeveless brown blouse. By Holyrood, £8 19s. 6d., at Liberty's; Bon Marché, Liverpool; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. Hat by Chez Elle





IN THE
COUNTRY

continued



BORDER

COUNTRY

continued

One of the Border Country's fine stately homes is Melgund, family seat of the Earl & Countess of Minto a few miles outside Hawick. Viscountess Melgund (above) lives with her husband and their children Gilbert and Laura at Minto Home Farm, built amid beautiful parkland on the Melgund estate. A visitor to Melgund wears a white mohair cardigan with a turn-back collar and brass buttoning. By Pringle, around 7 gns., at Dalys, Glasgow

Provost Atkinson (right) wore scarlet robes and ermine at Hawick's ceremonial eating of the curds and cream but went on to brave the rain in a more appropriate garb at the races on the moor. His companion wears cavalry twill slacks from The Scotch House and a white cashmere cardigan by Braemar. Shadow-printed flower scarf by Jacqmar. Sweater: £7 2s. 6d. from Harrods and R. W. Forsyth of Edinburgh





Willie MacTaggart is the head of Pringle's of Scotland. He proudly recalls the year 1514 and the time when he was elected Cornet in 1930. Mr. MacTaggart is a keen rider and hunts regularly. His son Bruce (*on the left*) maintained the family tradition in 1954 when he was elected Cornet. Between them a Sassenach cuts a dash in a Pringle sweater of double cashmere in a warm rose pink. The tweed skirt picks up the sweater colour in rose, grey and white checks. Both can be bought over the border in London. The sweater: about 8½ gns., from Marshall & Snelgrove. The skirt from The Scotch House at £5 10s. Beret by Chez Elle

This year's Cornet was plumber Norman Murray who traditionally wears a green coat, scarlet sash and ribboned rosette in blue and yellow, the colours of Hawick. At the races the Cornet (*right*) gallops well ahead of his followers. He carries a flag which is a replica of the standard captured from the English raiders—the device of the Abbot of Hexham with a gold cross on a blue ground. In Common Riding week the knitwear mills stop but the whisky flows. The racegoer wears a snuff brown lambswool sweater dyed to match the brown-and-black wool-and-mohair skirt. By Jacqmar from their wide collection of Scottish knitwear and tweed co-ordinates. Sweater 3 gns.; skirt 6½ gns. Both from Derry & Toms; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford; Bobby's, Worcester

Below: Each Cornet chooses a Lass to help him in the ceremonies. Cornet Norman Murray's choice was Miss Evelyn Armstrong, who works in the Holyrood knitwear factory. For a week she became Queen of Hawick, rode everywhere in a Rolls-Royce and was attended by Maids of Honour. The girl between them wears a twinset in pale beige lambswool with a narrow checked tweed skirt in blue-green and beige. Both by Munrospun. Bottle green felt pull-on hat by Chez Elle. Twinset £7 10s.; skirt £4 19s. 6d. Both at Robinson & Cleaver, W.1; Dalys, Glasgow; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford



A tough tweed coat and skirt, dashingly checked in beige, black and white, takes naturally to Scottish life and weather. Thoroughbred touch is the narrow binding at collar, pockets and cuffs in brown leather. By Country Life. The toning cardigan in Siamese brown, a new shade for autumn, is by Munrospun. Brown dyed kidskin hat by Chez Elle. Coat £1 gns.; skirt 9½ gns. At Marshall & Snelgrove; Jenners, Edinburgh; Hatchers, Taunton. Sweater £4 7s. 6d. At Robinson & Cleaver; Dalys, Glasgow; Cavell, Elliston, Oxford

BORDER
COUNTY
continue



BORDER COUNTRY



Fashions in cardigans are swinging towards the collarless and lightly ribbed (*above left*). Ballantyne use palely beautiful beige cashmere, which stops short at waist level, fastened with small brass buttons. About 7 gns., at Debenhams & Freebody and Simpson. Moss green coney beret by Chez Elle

Country plans for the coming winter, Scotch or otherwise, should include a warm jacket in brushed wool such as this cardigan (*above*) by Braemar in green and brown marled Shetland wool. Grosgrain-trimmed and fastened with horn buttons, it costs 5 gns. from Harrods; Bobby's, Eastbourne. Tartan trews available in many tartans at The Scotch House, London. Brown suede shoes from Rayne cost 6 gns.

A creamy lambswool sweater (*left*) by Lyle & Scott, made in the booming mills of Hawick, and pictured against Williestruther Loch which is just outside the town in beautiful, unspoilt scenery. Narrow of welt, with shortened sleeves and a lengthened line, it costs £5 19s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford; McClures, Shrewsbury; Forsyth, Edinburgh. Tartan trews from The Scotch House





The glass-walled living-room is almost an extension of the garden in summer. Top: The Buzas family. The girls go to St. Paul's

ANNETTE REILLY describes a dramatic house at Ham, where the modern building is no less attractive than the local Georgian heritage. It is the work of, and the home since 1 1954 of, the architect Stefan Buzas

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY SWAEBE

LONDON'S OUTER CIRCLE—from Greenwich in the east to Twickenham in the west, from Highgate in the north to Dulwich in the south—is still astonishingly rich in architectural survivals from our Golden Age. No enclave is richer, however, than the treasure trove of Petersham and Ham, where Georgian houses of the utmost distinction follow one after the other in splendid sequence. Yet it is not so much for the old as for the new architecture that people visit Ham Common today. The Span flats on the Parkleys Estate, designed by Eric Lyons, are already near-classics; those by James Stirling, as yet less well known, are equally admired.

Not so well known, because more isolated, is the small dramatically simple house of the highly intelli-

continued overleaf

MODERN LIVING *continued*

Exposed brickwork wall behind the living-room hearth makes a patterned background for a Russian ikon and other ornaments. The plate is by designer Fornasetti



The front and side of the house. The large windows open on to lawns and the living-room has floor-to-ceiling glazing. The water-tank and chimney are grouped together on the flat roof

The kitchen (right) has a glass partition above the fitted cupboards. This, together with the large window overlooking the garden, gives maximum light and a feeling of space

Below: Mrs. Buzas's hobby is rare basalt pottery. Here she tidies her collection of basalt teapots. Mr. Buzas, a partner in James Cubitt & Ptnrs., is a keen photographer



gent and sensitive architect, Stefan Buzas. He built it and a neighbouring one in 1954 on land that once belonged to Ham House. Standing well back from a lane down to the river, the house is hidden from view by a high wattle fence and overgrown by climbing plants. The main features of the house are the large windows that open on all sides on to broad lawns, and the flat roof broken only by a water-tank and a chimney. The interior is planned for minimum maintenance and maximum convenience: there are tiled floors of dark green throughout the parents' quarters, red for the children's (whose rooms, well separated from the living areas, open off their own private lobby); main bedroom divided from the sitting-room



by a wall of cupboards with clear glass above to increase the feeling of space; in the living-room white walls and, behind a free-standing, black-cowled hearth, a panel of natural brick; as much new and old furniture as anyone of sense would wish, and everywhere plenty of shelves, cupboards and closets. At night great olive-green curtains pull across the windows from ceiling to floor; and in winter gas-fired central heating is cunningly convected through louvred openings.

In short, a house to greet each season—withdrawn and welcoming in winter, expansive and fresh in summer; a house for a growing family to do as it will behind its own doors, but also for the parents to pursue their interests and hobbies; a house as modern as you could ask, but more liveable-in than many of its timid neighbours and, to those who love the old, far more polite to its surroundings than the gabled speculations nearby.



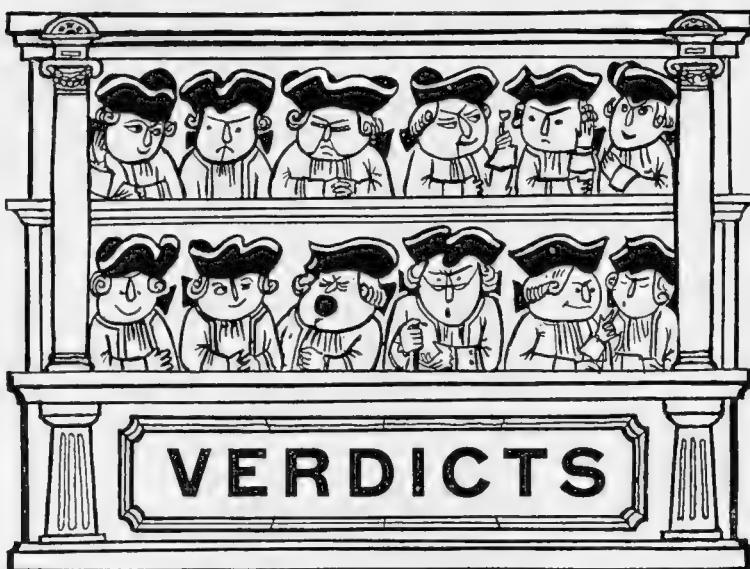
The living-room has a suspended cowl over a free-standing fire-basket and marble hearth. Behind the chain-supported shelves, cupboards for hanging form

the wall to the bedroom. The glazed door and panel to the bedroom give an added feeling of space and light. In winter the house is warmed by gas-fired central heating

The main bedroom has white-and-charcoal African printed bedspreads. The period looking-glass goes well with the modern adjustable shelving and Danish chairs

Another view of the living-room. The chairs and sofa are Danish. The white-painted walls and white rugs contrast with the green-tiled floor and olive-green curtains



*The play***THE ASPERN PAPERS**

(Michael Redgrave, Flora Robson, Beatrix Lehmann) Queen's Theatre

*The films***I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**

Ian Carmichael, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas, Irene Handl.

Director John Boulting

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL

Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, Carolyn Jones, Earl Holliman. Director

John Sturges

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS

Clifton Webb, Jane Wyman, Jill St. John. Director Henry Levin

TEMPTATION ISLAND

Rossana Podesta, Dawn Addams, Magali Noel. Director Edmond Greville

SONGS FOR DISTINGUÉ LOVERS

(Billie Holiday, LP Columbia)

GOSPEL TRAIN

(Rosetta Tharpe, LP Brunswick)

JAZZ AROUND THE CLOCK

(Alan Clare, LP Decca)

DOUBLE EVENT

(Ronnie Ross, LP Parlophone)

A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND

by Nirad C. Chaudhuri (Macmillan, 18s.)

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

by James Thurber (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.)

HORSES OF THE SUN

by Oriel Malet (Gollancz, 16s.)

THE FACE IN THE POOL

by Joan Orr (Hutchinson, 18s. 6d.)

ITALIAN STORIES OF TODAY

Ed. John Lehmann (Faber, 16s.)

The books**THEATRE**

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Another nugget from the Henry James mine

THE ODDS AGAINST A SUCCESSFUL stage adaptation of **The Aspern Papers**—that intensely characteristic short story by Henry James of a literary misadventure taking place in a wonderfully described Venice—were, one would have said, fantastically long. But here at the Queen's Theatre the tale confounding is a play which holds the audience from start to finish, with its values judiciously heightened for dramatic effect and yet near enough in tone and colour to the original for all but the most fanatical admirers of the great American to feel nothing but surprised pleasure.

Much of the credit for this theatrical triumph belongs of course to Sir Michael Redgrave, who is both the adaptor and the leading actor. He has the good fortune, however, to be supported by a small company acting impeccably under the imaginatively expert direction of Mr. Basil Dean. Still nothing would have saved the venture had not the adaptation itself been so happy. James told the story in the first person and endowed the hero, who really is an insufferably inquisitive fellow, with his own fine responsiveness to effects of atmosphere and to the cross-lights of irony hanging over the human situation. A stage equivalent for the seemingly indispensable narrator had to be found. Venice, which is so important a part of the story, is perforce kept outside the windows of the high, dusky, shabby *sala* in which the action of the play passes, but the adapter has found the near-Jamesian words with which the American literary sleuth can explain how he comes to get deeper and deeper into a dangerously equivocal position.

A dead poet's aged mistress and her faded, pathetic niece living alone in a dilapidated old palace on an out-of-the-way canal have papers which would reveal to the poet's admirers much that they feel they are entitled to know about his private life. The way to become an acquaintance of the penurious, proud and unapproachable ladies is just to become an inmate. Accordingly, the comparatively rich and very charming American becomes their lodger. He pays through the nose for the privilege. The preternaturally long lived Miss Bordereau is a terrifying

personage, and she counters what she suspects to be her lodger's acquisitiveness with a cool, high-bidding acquisitiveness of her own.

Charming man of the world the American may be, but there is another side to him. His dedicated passion for finding out all that there is to be known about literary genius is fierce and it can turn him into a monster. It is part of his plan that he shall enlist the help of the shy, unattractive and wholly inexperienced niece to get him the papers that the world wants and her aunt regards as sacred to her dead lover. Naturally, poor Miss Tina all too readily overlooks the professional monster in the friendly hospitable charmer; and she blossoms out under his delicate flattery. He is not unaware that she is misinterpreting the ambiguity of his attitude to her, but the master passion has him in its grip and he really believes that he would do almost anything to gain possession of the precious papers. He is brought to his senses by the old lady who, discovering him beside her trunkful of letters in the night, hisses: "Ah, you publishing scoundrel!" He has gone too far; and after the old lady's death he has to endure receiving a preposterous proposal of marriage from the old maid.

The original story leaves us smiling ironically at the ludicrous discomfiture of an impassioned specialist who has not known where to stop, but the effect of one exquisitely judged performance by Miss Flora Robson makes a theatre audience more inclined to weep than to smile. Miss Tina's aunt has always told her she was a fool, and when she has bravely overcome her confusion she bears the charmer no resentment for his thoughtless treatment of her; but we do. Miss Beatrix Lehmann appears with tremendous authority as the slightly macabre Miss Bordereau with her mask-like face that a Byronic poet once loved half-hidden by a green eye shade, her implacable voice, her stillness and her sudden accesses of electrifying passion. Against these well contrasted performances of the highest quality, Miss Pauline Jameson contrives to win attention to the small part of Mrs. Prest, a thoroughly Europeanized American socialite. It is an evening of rare and curious pleasures.



On the track of an old scandal. The literary detective (Michael Redgrave) with the ageing cousin (Flora Robson), and right: the two women (Beatrix Lehmann and 'Flora Robson) who hold the secret of *The Aspern Papers*

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CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Mr. Carmichael bucks the zeitgeist

THERE IS NOTHING TIMOROUS ABOUT the Boulting Brothers and nothing half-hearted about the way in which they take up their cudgels and rush to the attack whenever this sceptred race seems to them in need of a reminder that it is by no means perfect. In their latest swinging satire, *I'm All Right, Jack*, they deplore the callous egocentricity discernible, these days, almost everywhere—but especially in industrial relations. Who's to blame? Why, the entire shooting match, according to the busy Boultings—and with blithe enthusiasm and a splendid impartiality they proceed to trounce the trades unions on the one hand, while belabouring the bosses on the other.

Mr. Ian Carmichael, an innocent whom a university education has unfitted for the executive side of Big Business, is offered a job among the workers at a munitions factory owned by his rich and shady uncle, Mr. Dennis Price. He accepts it and this is his honest best to do it well—but the result, as his uncle had hoped, that he comes up against "the ton," causing at first unrest and eventually a strike. This is just what Mr. Price wants, as he can now easier money out of an Easter power's arms contract by passing it on to another manufacturer than by fulfilling it.

Mr. Richard Attenborough as the second manufacturer, a wide boy of the kind who used to make millions out of some mysterious enterprise

known as "Export/Import," surveys Mr. Price's strike with great satisfaction—but is brought to the verge of apoplexy when his own workers come out in sympathy. Mr. Carmichael, distraught at having brought about what he regards as a national catastrophe, seeks to alleviate the situation by returning to work on his own. The Press and the public make a hero of him—and so it becomes imperative to both the union and the bosses to get rid of him. Poor Mr. Carmichael, he just can't win—the spirit of the times is against him.

The outstanding performance in this biting and hilarious film comes from Mr. Peter Sellers as a shop steward who is capable of interpreting the management's lightest word as justification for a strike: he rattles off reams of polysyllabic text-book patter but the simple phrase "Everybody Out!" is never far from his lips. As Mr. Sellers plays him, he is a decent, honest man—and when his wife, the divine Miss Irene Handl, leaves him to his own devices, he makes of the striker stricken a most touching figure. The Goon has blossomed into a superb actor.

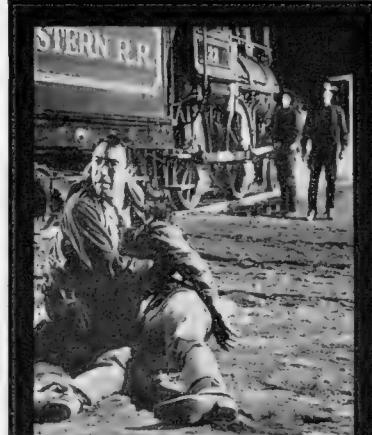
Directed by Mr. John Sturges, *Last Train From Gun Hill* is a well-made Western in which Mr. Kirk Douglas plays a stern-jawed marshal who is bent upon bringing to justice the murderer of his Indian wife. It is unfortunate that the killer (Mr. Earl Holliman) is the son of an old friend, Mr. Anthony

Quinn, who, while allowing that the boy's no good, is loth to let him get his deserts. I could have done without Miss Carolyn Jones who, as the gal who aids the marshal by bringing him a sawn-off shotgun concealed in her shawl, seemed to me a sight too stylish to be hanging about this whistle-stop, and so destroyed the director's attempts at realism. Guess I'll take "The 3.10 to Yuma."

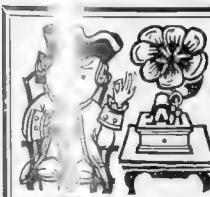
Against the gorgeous backgrounds of São Paulo, Rio and Lima, Peru, Mr. Clifton Webb and Miss Jane Wyman, a well-to-do American couple from Boston, spend the greater part of *Holiday For Lovers* trying to figure out what has got into their two daughters. Miss Jill St. John, the elder, is impetuously determined to marry Señor Nico Minardos—an artist, aptly described by Mr. Webb as "some sort of Brazilian beatnik." Miss Carol Lynley, the younger daughter (and the more talented and attractive, to my mind), appears to be totally and incomprehensibly bewitched by a brash airman, Mr. Gary Crosby—who would have to lose a stone or two before he could count upon having the same effect on me. The story is dull as can be—the scenery glorious.

In *Temptation Island* M. Christian Marquand has the good fortune to be cast away upon a well-stocked atoll in the Pacific with three beautiful young women—Signorina Rossana Podesta, all guileless, Miss Dawn Addams, fire-under-the-ice type, and Mlle Magali Noel, who is subject to "spells" during which she is liable to murder anybody handy.

"What," the film's makers want to know, "happens when primitive passions break down all barriers?" I can tell them: dialogue deteriorates, sex situations repeat themselves with monotonous regularity—and the Censor awards an "X" Certificate.



From 'Last Train': The Train (top), Marshal Douglas (centre), & Anthony Quinn



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

The haunting melancholy of Miss Holiday

THE RECENT DEATH OF BILLIE Holiday has left a gap in the jazz singers' ranks which will be hard to fill. It would be difficult to choose two more contrasting styles than hers and Rosetta Tharpe's, with such closely-knit roots. Miss Holiday had the sad touch of one experienced in the vicissitudes of life, an imbued melancholy which I shall always associate with her style; she will go down in history

as the great blues singer of the luckless generation which took on where Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey left off. Her inflections, those sudden husky syllables, and her innate sense of rhythm add up to a splendid offering for *Distingué Lovers* (Columbia 33CX10145). Her accompanists are brilliant and entirely complementary.

Miss Tharpe, on the other hand, is essentially a gospel singer, less

flexible in her treatment, but with a fine sense of drama in her veins which she spares no pains to impart to her singing. Her *Gospel Train* (Brunswick LAT8290) album does not run in a tunnel, but branches out to embrace the fullest scope of quasi-religious melody. This may be an acquired taste, but there are passages, especially when she is joined by Marie Knight, another famous hot gospeller, where the music becomes intensely moving.

Most jazz critics shy away from any artist whose work savours of "commercialism," although they would be hard put to it to define that embarrassing word! This may well explain the mixed reception meted out to pianist/singer Ray Charles, whose recent work has aroused my keenest interest. I admit that much of his so-called

gospel singing is nothing but a near miss at rock-'n'-roll, as evidenced by his album *Yes Indeed* (London HA2168). Not all rock music has to be in bad taste, although I agree that most is. Charles digs deep into its histrionic qualities, even encourages his band to accentuate the beat in the conventional rock style, but I would no more condemn this music out of hand than I would suggest that Burl Ives is a ham because he has made some splendid records of authentic Middle West music, known as hill-billies!

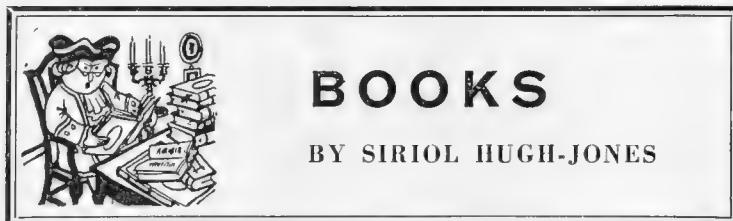
Mention of rock reminds me of clock (you ask Mr. Haley why!) and clock means that British pianist Alan Clare has played jazz round it (*Jazz Around The Clock*, Decca LK4260). Somewhere in England there is a club which

continued overleaf

apparently pays no heed to the licensing laws applied to liquor and music, for it was to such a place that Mr. Clare and his merry men repaired for their marathon recording session. Tenorman Ron Rendell, always good for an exciting solo, was there; so was that doyen of modern saxophonists, Bob Burns; perhaps the most surprising was bass-trumpeter, Ray Premru. Each has a piece in which to converse with Alan Clare, but the rest remains for him alone. He is imaginative, delicate, and melodic, even to the point of becoming precious at times, especially in his own composition. What I like most about

him is that there is no question of copying the fashionable piano style of the day—a temptation to which too many aspiring musicians fall.

Another British performance of merit is Ronnie Ross's quintet album **Double Event** (Parlophone PMC1079). No one has mastered better the art of making contemporary jazz in a swinging idiom; I must not forget that he also appreciates the necessity of getting the right musicians around him. He blends skilfully the talents of his multi-instrumentalist front line with that of some of our best arrangers. Little wonder that Ross boasts an international reputation.



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

A genial searchlight picks us out

THE ENGLISH ARE ENDLESSLY fascinated by books about their own behaviour, manners and customs, partly because it is so nice to know somebody cares, and partly, I begin to think, because the old myth about the inscrutability of the mysterious English has caught on to such an extent that the English are now genuinely mystified by themselves. There are a lot of clues worth following up in an adorable book called **A Passage To England** by an Indian of remarkable charm, modesty and scholarship, Nirad C. Chaudhuri.

This deliciously good-mannered, witty, charming and wise book is about English landscape, painting, London, Cambridge, music, the English view of love, money and the weather, and a great number of other irresistible topics that have caught and held the author's civilized and admirably furnished mind. He moves, without haste or strain and with any amount of affection, from wine to education to religion to poetry to Elizabeth Bennet to Alice in Wonderland to Matthew Arnold to Constable to the friendliness of English cats, his inquiring eye pondering and com-

paring, never aggressive, never outraged—though often endearingly surprised. I like looking through Mr. Chaudhuri's eyes which are benign and intelligent and make England seem a nicer place to live in than many of us suspect when it rains all day and all the bus conductors are in a furious temper.

If there is still anyone who has not read Thurber's **The Years With Ross**, I should like to say that whether or not the *New Yorker* and the late Harold Ross, its creator, mean anything at all in your life, this odd and curiously elusive, oblique biography-plus should not be missed. The plus is of course the personality of Thurber, a man I love beyond reason, whose smooth, easy, deceptively casual style has such magic that for days after being exposed to his work I see the world operated by Thurber logic and peopled exclusively by Thurber men, women and dogs in various stages of perplexity and wild enthusiasm, haunted by thoughts too deep for words. With Thurber in the picture, it is more or less inevitable that with the best will in the world Ross should come off as a background figure, but I

would be the last to complain.

Oriel Malet's **The Horses Of The Sun** afforded me an agreeable little halt in my current quest for light, undemanding, stylish fiction that is as intelligent and restorative as a nicely planned holiday. (No good looking for this in contemporary thrillers, which seem to me to be becoming more or less uniformly neurotic, sunk in Freudian gloom, or just plain beastly and somehow *teitching*.) I believed hardly a word of *The Horses Of The Sun*, which is all about the elfin little daughter of a conjuror, a cold haughty English miss, a deeply understanding professor and a contessa of wild charm, eccentricity and worldly wisdom, all milling about together on Elba.

The plot is frankly fairy-story, and the author is cheerfully honest in giving all the prizes to the characters she likes (especially Prince Charming and Cinderella) and saving up frightful snubs for the beastly ones. But she so clearly had such a fine time writing it, and it has such an infectious sense of pleasure about it, that I swallowed it all without much of a murmur (though Liz, the conjuror's waif, gallant, loyal, lonely and precocious, had me gritting my teeth here and there).

The Face In The Pool, a first novel by Joan Orr, is also effortless reading and left me with an undernourished feeling a few hours after finishing the book. It is about Eve who is amazingly pretty and has trouble with Harold and John and muddled Mummy and pompous Daddy and finally settles for rich Jimmie from

Sunningdale who loves her best and in a more ruthless way. Eve goes over it all in her mind a good deal before we reach the happy conclusion. "She had been real with Harold in the beginning, before she became bored with him. Often and often Jimmie had uncovered Eve, stripped her of the trappings and deceits and reduced her to the truth he would not be denied. John, by his very gentleness, had melted her falsity." And so on.

When Jimmie reduces Eve to the truth for the last time, he says "Your beauty is a cool spring in the desert, and I am thirsty, Eve. I want to laugh at your absurdities. I want to comfort and protect you in your weaknesses. I want to cast my weakness on to your quixotic courage and lean on your enduring strength." This sort of thing gets Eve, but me it leaves muttering to myself and feeling strangely frosty.

A taste for reading short stories is as special as the skill needed for writing them. Anyone who relishes them should read John Lehmann's collection of **Italian Stories Of Today**, by old masters (some were published in *Horizon* and *New Writing*) and newer hands, strong and best on local colour and stoutly regional scenes and characters.

Reading them, I thought what a pity it was that so few short stories were currently published in England and found listed on the jacket no fewer than 21 collections of short stories, selected for every possible taste. Anyone not catered for had better give up the search and read novels.



AN M.P.'s ANCESTOR

"*Radical Jack*"—the first Earl of Durham—is the subject of a new biography published by the Cresset Press. It is dedicated by author Leonard Cooper to Viscount Lambton, M.P., the present Earl of Durham's heir. This portrait, reproduced in the book, is by Sir Thomas Lawrence

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ

SCOTTISH GIFTS at *Highlights*, recently opened at 25 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, include soft mohair rugs and stoles, knitwear, lacy shawls, fascinating horn and woodwork brooches, plates, and Portobello pottery like this ovenware in their latest design. In ivory, decorated with cerulean blue thistles, the covered casserole dish costs 19s. 6d., the open pan 18s., and the jug 21s. Miss Del Agnew, who started *Highlights*, is of Scottish origin and all the Scottish things are handmade. She also sells amusing antiques, some Chelsea pottery and koala bears (incidentally many of her customers are Australian). *Highlights* is also the booking office (telephone KNI 8487) for the

15th-century Loch-naw Castle, which has been turned into an efficient and comfortable guest-house. The castle, in southwest Scotland, stands on the edge of its own loch surrounded by beautiful country.



SCOTTISH CLEANERS: Turnbulls of Hawick started their specialist cleaning and dyeing service 60 years ago and their business is run almost entirely on a postal basis, serving not only the British Isles, but many other parts of the world. This service employs modern methods with particular attention to detail and the highest quality cleaning and dyeing is the result. For instance, they have a treatment for household furnishings and techniques for cleaning suède and leather. Their Technical Advisory Department answers customers' queries and gives estimates. They also have a scientific laboratory where constant tests with new materials help them decide how they can best be dyed or cleaned. Articles are returned to the customer in special boxes, which are supplied with an order form and gummed addressed label, so that little effort is required for the next dispatch to Turnbulls. As an example of prices: suits cleaned from 10s. 6d.; loose-covers cleaned from 5s. 6d., or dyed from 10s. 6d. Turnbulls can supply a detailed price range on request.

SCOTTISH MAIL ORDER: Tartan skirts, not necessarily kilts, have become increasingly popular and, for those who like theirs made-to-measure, Paisleys of Glasgow provide a variety of different styles in pleated tartan skirts. These are made from pure-wool fine Saxony. The choice of tartans is large—they number 300. Delivery is from two to three weeks of the receipt of order, price: £5 (plus 2s. 6d. for postage and packing). Paisleys also have an interesting Highland Dress service for men and children, who can be fitted either from stock or to measure. The Highland Dress service (also available by post) covers every style and can be relied on for authentic information on detail. The making of the kilt is highly skilled and Paisleys make them for men, women and children. A woman's full-pleated kilt carrying six or seven yards of tartan and made-to-measure, costs 11 to 12 gns. The kilts are made of Saxony, Cheviot or worsted.

SCOTTISH SHOP in London is provided by the Laird Wool Shop, 15 North Audley Street. Scottish knitwear for both men and women, tartans, Scottish tweeds and other articles of clothing are to be found here. Tartans (27s. 6d. per yard) can be ordered if they are not in stock. Their Andrew Stewart skirts can only be made-to-measure, prices depending on the style. One of the most notable features of the Laird Wool Shop is their wide colour range in the Shetland, mohair and cashmere wools which they sell by the ounce. The Shetland wool is their own "Silver Cloud" range which comes in 68 colours, price 2s. 3d. per oz. Mohair costs 3s. 5d. per ball (just under an ounce) and cashmere costs 6s. per half oz. These wools plus paper patterns can be bought by post—in fact the Laird Wool Shop also has a large mail order service. The patterns are designed exclusively for them by Mrs. de Grassi who also copes with their made-to-measure knitwear service for men and women. Customers are measured in the shop and the pattern and details are sent to Mrs. de Grassi. All her work is beautifully finished.

SCOTTISH RUG in plaid mohair from Hunt & Winterbotham, 3 Old Bond Street—luxurious stronghold of Scottish tartans, tweeds and knitwear. The rug comes in various plaids from light pastels to muted and more sombre colours. Price: £6 5s. Plaid checked rugs in pure wool are the same price. Hunt & Winterbotham stock all tartans, including reproductions of the old vegetable-dyed ones. If they have not got one in stock they can order it. In Saxony wool the tartans cost 38s. per yard, in Saxony wool and worsted, 60s. per yard. The Scottish tweeds come in a variety of cloths and colours—for instance Harris and Shetland tweeds, or plain or checked tweeds called "Dream Touch" (70s. per yard). The cashmere and Shetland wool knitwear sold by them is well known enough to need no further description.



SCOTTISH CRAFTSMANSHIP at its best can be seen at Margaret Mackenzie's shop, 18 Piccadilly Arcade, W.1, where there is a large, interesting collection of Scottish dress adornments (including some antique brooches). Illustrated here is a silver-mounted Sgian Dhu (1882) set with Cairngorms (price: from 10 gns.); two mulls, mounted with silver and set with Cairngorms (about 6 gns. each); medieval-looking dirk with silver mounting and Cairngorm stones with its own detachable knife and two-pronged fork (45 gns.); and a Victorian paper knife in the shape of a Sgian Dhu, with a silver blade and set with Cairngorm stones (12 gns.). Miss Mackenzie has all the old and newer editions of the Clan books and maps and can trace customers' correct tartans.



Tartans and hand-woven tweeds are available by the yard, and kilts can be made-to-measure in Scotland. Miss Mackenzie has her own knitters in the Islands who deal with knitwear requests



Sitting under the dryer (left) becomes an elegant business in Vidal Sassoon's new salon. Another idea of his (above): the Brontë—a switch of hair which is attached to the back of the head and swirled forward

BEAUTY

Make-up news

by JEAN CLELAND

WHATEVER MAY BE HAPPENING elsewhere, in the world of beauty there is never a dull moment. A tour round the salons has revealed a number of new products.

The latest make-up trick is a white lipstick. Coty's have one they call *Frosted White*. This has a softening effect on the mouth, and can be used in two ways. Used under the ordinary lipstick it mutates the colour and reduces any tendency to hardness. Applied over the lipstick, it highlights the red and gives a slightly frosty look. Clever use of white lipsticks enables one to make subtle and effective changes to harmonize with the shades one is wearing.

Young people and all who want the best effect for the lowest price will welcome another new Coty product. This is an elegant *Golden Vanity* compact, containing Coty's *Cream Powder*. *Golden Vanity* has

an expensive look for the cost of 10s. 6d., a bargain that would be hard to beat.

Elizabeth Arden provides a service with two new beauty products. *Velva Smooth Lotion* is specially created to stop the complexion getting hot and sticky in warm weather. Mildly astringent, with antiseptic properties, it controls perspiration, and should be a blessing to those whose skin gets blotchy, and suffer with little spots. *Velva Smooth Lotion* is bracing and gives the skin a cool, silky feeling.

A little gadget to carry in the handbag on a journey. Very aptly named *Ardena Freshener*. Similar to the useful *Duet* with liquid soap and hand lotion, it has a centre holder and plastic container at each end. In one is *Milky Liquid Cleanser*, and in the other *Ardena Skin Tonic*. What could be more handy for freshening up the face while travelling.

Most of us know what it is to be short of time. This is particularly true of those who are doing a job. Cyclax cater for the problem with a new all-purpose foundation called *Every Occasion*. Made in 4 colourings, it goes on quickly and easily, remaining matt and smooth for

many hours. It is a new formula, and is the latest Cyclax creation.

Vidal Sassoon has two interesting items, both very original and new. Hair pieces which he calls *Brontës* are specially designed to give the illusion of long hair. These pieces can be set and then attached to give an evening style without having the hair re-set. By slightly damping they can be shaped to create a different style. They can be worn on top of the head in coronet fashion, or wound into a chignon at the back of the head. There are, of course, endless variations.

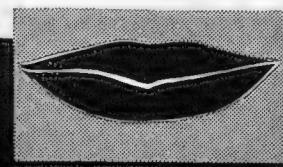
The other item concerns the chaise longues in Sassoon's elegant new Bond Street salon, on which clients can relax while the hair is drying. This idea of putting the feet up while under the dryer is something which will be welcome to busy women.

A new Molyneux creation is a hair perfume called *Le Numéro Cinq* which delicately scents the hair, and at the same time refreshes and stimulates the scalp. Described as a development of the Molyneux frictions, which are already so well known, this new perfume is designed specially for use at home.

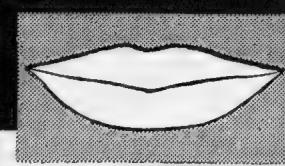
After the summer eyes frequently suffer from dust and glare. Just at the right moment comes a new lotion called *Murine*, in a neat little plastic container to be carried in the handbag. Slightly alkaline, it is not habit forming, and can be used as often as the eyes feel in need of it. When they are tired, after a busy day, or after watching TV., a few drops of *Murine* are sufficient to cleanse, soothe, and revive them.

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MOTORING

Driving through the Curtain (and it really clanks)

by GORDON WILKINS

IT WAS TWENTY YEARS SINCE I HAD been to Berlin. Then it was a city of swastika banners, of Hitler-heiling Nazis and heel-clicking officers in skin-tight uniforms. Construction of a new underground railway had swept away the trees from Unter den Linden, the Reichstag was a burnt-out shell and night life was dull, for the Nazis frowned on it. But there were parades and stirring spectacle as Hitler and his satellites rushed to open the motor show, accompanied by screaming silver racing-cars. The exhibition halls still stand, but little else of that arrogant capital remains.

This time I went to see the German Grand Prix at the Avus and I travelled by road to see if it really easier to take a car behind the Iron Curtain than to bring one into England. It is. No bother with customs, licences or insurance certificates—no interest in any car documents at all. But the East German police make up for it with bureaucratic time-wasting for passengers. At Helmstedt, West German police check the each car passing through, join the long queue before the German customs post. Across the frontier is a high watchtower. Lighted road signs blaze in broad daylight. There are boys in military uniform with machine-guns slung over their shoulders, and police dogs to track down escapers from the workers' paradise—or perhaps to track Westerners trying to break in. You fill in one form with all your personal details, and another with a list of the money you are carrying, then you go to the visa office, tell them the duration of your stay in Berlin and the route by which you propose to return (it is difficult to change it afterwards). You pay 10 DM (about 17s.) for a transit visa. Then you get everything stamped at the first desk, and go to another office to pay 5 DM for the use of the autobahn. Now get in the car, show visas and road tax receipt to the VoPo at the barrier, drive a mile at 25 m.p.h. and show the tax receipt to two more police at another barrier. Now a short stretch of 35 m.p.h. limit, and the freedom of the autobahn is yours for the 120-mile ride to Berlin, except for short stretches of speed limit where one track of the road is under repair. Total time for the formalities is about an hour.

At the approaches to Berlin there are more queues and everything has to be checked again.

For miles through the suburbs, energetic rebuilding has removed most of the signs of wartime devastation, but the bombing and artillery did a thorough job in the centre. Despite enormous expenditure there are still acres of gaunt ruins; the vast shell of the Anhalter railway station, factories and big apartment blocks. Occasionally a shell collapses and blocks the street, but it is quickly swept up, the bricks being trimmed and salvaged

They relax on pleasure steamers, sunbathe on sandy beaches which are a passable substitute for the seaside (and less crowded), or walk through miles of forest.

It is a city without a traffic problem and ambitious new road schemes should ensure that it remains so. There are broad boulevards taking six lines of traffic and three lines of free parking and a new twin-track urban motorway is almost ready to take traffic non-stop through the built-up areas.

Driving into East Berlin, our passports were checked by affable

East were being treated to a parade of armoured cars and troop-carriers to advertise a football match and at the end of the autobahn they have erected a large hoarding carrying a bitter cartoon of Adenauer. But the West Germans can be stupidly provocative, too. When I bought postcards, they came in an envelope carrying a map of United Germany.

This was probably the last time we shall see a major motor-race on the Avus circuit. Three cars have now gone over the top of the dangerous north banking, all of



Left: A 3-litre Rover at the zone boundary in Berlin. Beyond the Brandenburg Gate is Unter den Linden. Centre: New urban motorway through a densely populated section of West Berlin. Right: A seven-mile stretch of the Aachen-Cologne autobahn had to be closed for repairs after only a short period in use

for rebuilding. Vast quantities of rubble have been used to create new artificial hills and gardens, and the flattened sites turned over to grass. But an immense amount of rebuilding has been done. The Kurfurstendamm is bright at night with shops and restaurants, theatres and cinemas, and car showrooms. The Hansa quarter in the Tiergarten, where leading architects of the West designed the new apartment blocks, the Conference Hall and the churches, is a stimulating vision of 20th-century living. The Charlottenburg Castle, the Belvedere Palace and the Column with the golden winged victory in the Tiergarten have been restored, and the fabulous Berlin Hilton hotel, with its four restaurants and park for 400 cars, towers beside the restocked zoo and aquarium, distant barking of sea lions filling in an *obligato* to the music of the dance bands.

But the greatest surprise to me was the extent of the Western zone. West Berliners are no prisoners in an urban area. At the weekend they are out sailing, canoeing, or swimming on miles of water on the Wannsee, Havel and Tegeler See.

police in white and green uniforms and then suddenly the traffic changed. Instead of Western cars there were Volgas, Moskvitches, Pobedas from Russia, Warszawas from Poland, Tatras and Skodas from Czechoslovakia, Trabants, P.70s, B.M.W.s, Wartburgs and Froches from East Germany. There is a strange smell in the air—some people claim it is like a town the morning after a bombing, but after 15 years this cannot be the explanation; it is probably due to the fuel they are using. Rebuilding has been slower than in the West except for the Stalin Allee, a street of ponderous over-decorated buildings identical with those the Russians are building in dozens of new towns in Europe and Asia. Shops display the junk which passes for consumer goods; crude stoves, rusty tools, chipped enamel, shapeless shoes. There are car showrooms with no catalogues or salesmen and a restaurant operating in a patched-up wing of the Adlon Hotel. Political slogans hang on shabby frontages, but a good job has been done on the restoration of the Linden opera house.

The peace-loving people of the

them Porsches. Two of the drivers survived. De Beaufort's escapade, when he went over the top, crashed down through the trees into the car park, and then drove back into the race, was perhaps the most amazing escape in all the history of motor racing. But for Behra there was no miracle. I have never known such a sharp presentiment of disaster as that which hung over the rain-lashed stand at the start of the sports car event. Behra, who had just left the Ferrari team after a furious dispute with the team manager, was obviously determined to repeat his last year's victory in this event to assure himself a place in the Porsche team, but in practice his lap times had been beaten by two other drivers, Bonnier and von Trips. Other drivers had condemned the course as dangerous, but everyone knew that no rain, no regard for personal safety, would restrain Behra from trying to take the lead.

As we queued up again at the East Zone check-point leaving Berlin, the hearse went through with his chequered helmet on the coffin, taking him on his long, lonely ride back to France.



The Carinthian lakes

PASSPORT by DOONE BEAL

I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A PART of Europe whose charm has been neglected by English tourists: the pocket-size province of Carinthia, in southern Austria. Backed and sheltered by the Alps, this lake region is sunny and sparkling, without the sharpness of the typically Tyrolean climate. B.E.A.'s twice-weekly service to Klagenfurt (a three-and-a-half-hour journey from London) has lately made it easily accessible, and none of the minuscule resorts is, it seems, more than a two-hour trip by road from Klagenfurt airport. What is surprising is the variety of landscape and flavour to be found in so small an area, and the constant excellence of both the many small inns and the big hotels. The whole district is a haven for people who want to be quiet without going primitive about it.

The nearest lakeside spot to Klagenfurt itself—only ten minutes by coach—is Pötschach, on Lake Wörther. The Werzer Hotel—

large, but split into separate houses—is virtually a self-contained resort with its own beer-cellars, night-club, a lakeside bathing establishment, and a huge terrace-restaurant with a dance-floor at the water's edge.

Nearby, on the same lake, is the elegant little resort of Velden. Here, strung out along the shore outside the town, are several hotels—of which the Park is the most luxurious. All of them have their own private raft-type beaches on the lake, with umbrellas, mattresses, and beach bars. In the town itself I rather commend the Hubertushof Hotel for a more typically Austrian rather than an international atmosphere. They specialize in the most interesting of the local food (which, gastronomically, is very interesting); And the small bar/restaurant is lively with music and townsfolk in the evening. Its full pension prices are low—even for a country where low prices are already a big attraction.

So renowned for its quiet comfort

and hospitality that it is not easy to get accommodation in midsummer is the Enzian Hotel, on the fjord-like Lake Weissen. Solitarily set on a terrace overlooking the lake, this hotel is all old Austrian, charmingly furnished and run by a most pleasant retired couple from Vienna. Another good place for fugitives from bustle is the small island in the middle of Lake Faaker; the fact that one can only reach it by motor-boat effectively blots out any awareness of four-wheeled traffic. The Insel Hotel, solitary occupant of the island, has a bathing-beach and one dines outdoors under an enormous plane tree, with some superb lake fish always on the menu, and spring-like local wines. Faaker is a more open, reed-shored lake; fishing and duck shooting can both be arranged.

Millstatt, at the head of the beautiful Drau Valley, is a charming old town with medieval buildings precipitating down to a lakeside promenade. The Monastery Hotel (once a real monastery) is large, rambling and atmospheric.

Going westwards along the upper Drau Valley, one comes to Lienz, in the foothills of the Tyrol. Here, too, are some good small hotels, and one superb one: the Traube. Lienz is, incidentally, a good winter base for people who want to ski without spending 24 hours out of 24 among ski talk and snowboots: a mountain railway and ski lift combine to take

one 2,200 meters up to Zettersfeld. Villach, virtually at the junction of lakes Faaker, Ossiach and Wörther, is a market town of great charm, and the old Post Hotel would make an excellent base for a series of excursions if one wanted that kind of holiday as opposed to staying quietly on one of the lakes. Villach is especially rich in delicatessen shops of the most tantalizing variety (numberless varieties of bread, sausages, and pâtés; delicious fish mayonnaises to take away). This is a country with a high degree of picnic lure, unspoilt but yet with excellent roads.

It is worth remembering that Klagenfurt itself is only three hours by road from Lake Bled, in Yugoslavia. Equally, one can easily make a day trip over the border into Italy. Hertz/Daimler have a car-hire bureau at Pötschach, and B.E.A.'s coaches will take you direct from the airport to Krumpendorf, Pötschach, Velden, Egg and Villach in Austria or on to Lake Bled. B.E.A.'s service (£42 14s., or a 23-day excursion fare operating Thursdays only, at £35) ceases on October 1st; but many of the small hotels stay open through the autumn and winter, and one can reach Carinthia by train to Villach, flying to either Salzburg or Munich. While the summer service to Klagenfurt is in operation, leading travel agents are co-operating with B.E.A. on all-in fare and accommodation prices.

DINING IN

Vegetables for stuffing

by HELEN BURKE

MORE AND MORE WOMEN SHOP FOR food and carry it home. This I have been told by the heads of the food departments of the large stores. Fewer ask for perishables to be sent. Heavy going as it may be, this personal shopping has its compensations, because the very sight of what is available can inspire.

Just now, there are large English tomatoes, large Spanish onions and green, red and warm yellow sweet peppers, all "asking" to be filled with savoury mixtures of all kinds and baked. There are vegetable marrows, too, which, while not yet of "Jumbo" size, may already have seeds too firm to be left in and eaten with their surrounding flesh. Remove the seeds and put a stuffing in the cavity.

Some Continental butchers sell tomatoes stuffed with finely minced veal, ready to be cooked. They look tempting with their columns of meat rising well above their rims.

but I myself have never bought them because I want the lovely juice from the tomato pulp for sauce.

Here is a good recipe for *Tomates Farcies* (for 4 to 6 servings): cut a thin slice off the calyx ends of 4 to 6 good-sized just under-ripe tomatoes and scoop out the insides with a sharp small spoon. Or, if a grapefruit knife is available, cut the centre core at the base and then around the inside so that the flesh of each tomato can be removed in one piece. Set aside. Sprinkle the inside of each tomato with salt and invert on a wire tray to drain.

Simmer a chopped onion in a little butter until it is translucent. Add it and a tablespoon chopped basil or parsley to 1 lb. finely minced veal. Lightly form the mixture into croquettes which will rise about an inch above the rims of the tomatoes.

Cream 1 oz. butter with a little

pepper and salt and place a portion in each tomato shell. Add a veal croquette to each and press down just enough to fill the shells. Place side by side in a shallow oven-dish and dot each with a tiny nut of butter.

Make the following sauce: melt $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in a small pan. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. flour, the tomato pulp, 3 extra chopped tomatoes and enough stock to make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Simmer to cook the flour (5 minutes will do). Season to taste and pass through a coarse sieve. Pour this sauce around the tomatoes, cover and bake for 40 to 45 minutes at 375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit or gas mark 5 to 6. Leave the lid off for the last 10 minutes.

For stuffed Spanish onions: peel off the outer skin. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slice off the stem end of each. Parboil the onions for 25 minutes in slightly salted water. Carefully remove the centres, leaving "walls" of about one-third inch thick. Chop the centres and mix them with minced veal or beef (a little less meat than for the tomatoes). Fill the onions with the mixture and stand them in an oven-dish. Dot each with butter.

Make a sauce as for the tomatoes, using the onion stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ bouillon cube. Pour it around the onions.

Sprinkle them with a little grated cheese and bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6. In this recipe, sausage meat can "stand in" for veal or beef.

For stuffed sweet peppers: remove the stem ends and cores and shake out any remaining seeds. Fill with the veal stuffing or a risotto containing chopped mushrooms and, say, chicken livers. Replace the stem ends as "lids." Put the peppers in a baking dish, surround them with a sauce as for the tomatoes and bake them for 45 to 50 minutes at 375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit or gas mark 5 to 6.

A stuffed vegetable marrow is very easy. Wash the not-too-large marrow, cut it in half lengthwise (I do not peel it) and boil it for 25 minutes. If a large enough pan is not available, use a roasting tin and cover the marrow with aluminium foil. Drain and remove the centres with a spoon. Fill with a stuffing as above. Place in a baking tin with very little water in it, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 400 degrees Fahrenheit or gas mark 6.

Serve with a tomato or other savoury sauce separately.

When it comes to "stock" for sauces and other dishes, bouillon and chicken cubes are very useful.

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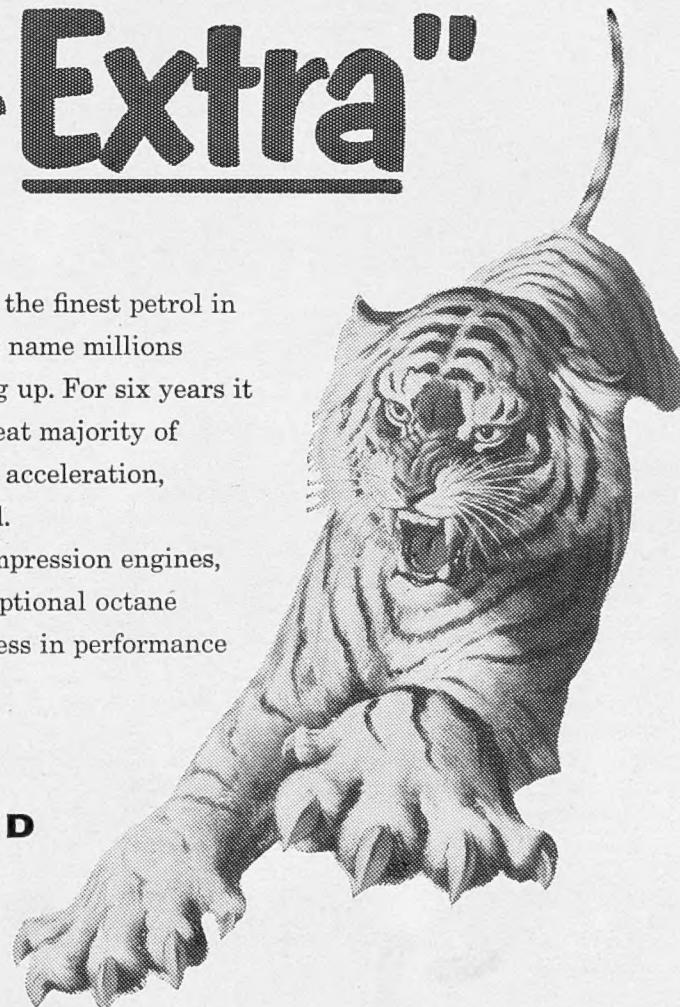
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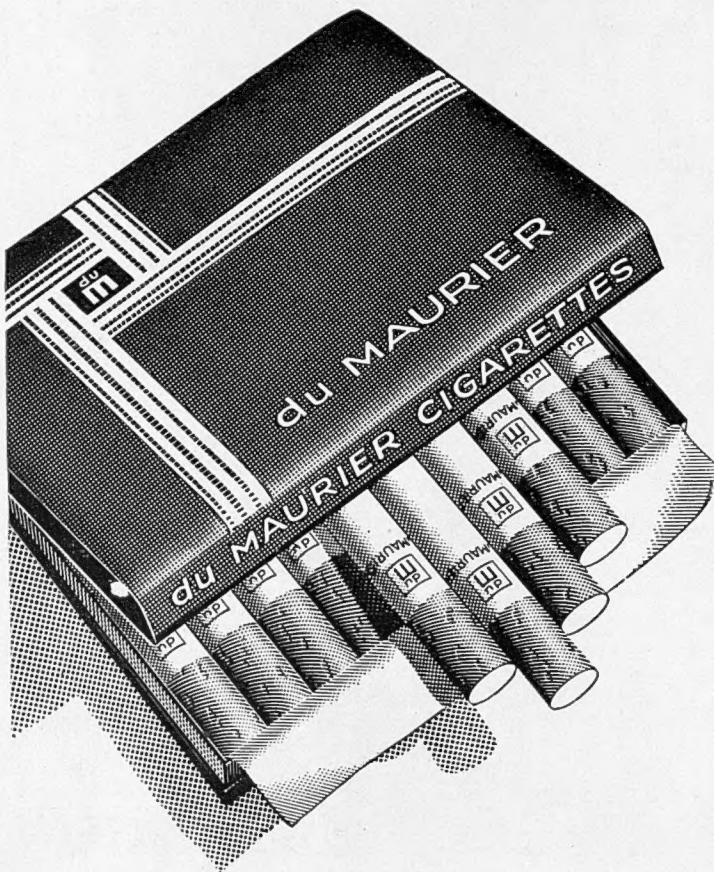
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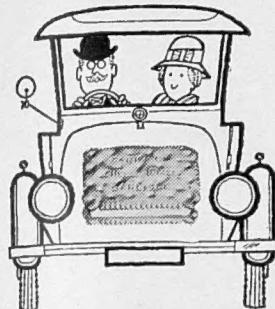


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